

# THE UNDER DOG



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# THE UNDER DOG



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# THE UNDER DOG

A Series of Papers by various  
Authors on the Wrongs Suffered  
by Animals at the Hand of Man

EDITED BY SIDNEY TRIST

*(Editor of The "Animals' Guardian").*

I know that the world, the great big world,  
Will never a moment stop  
To see which dog may be in the fault,  
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask  
Which dog may be in the right ;  
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all  
For the *under* dog in the fight.

*From Walsh's Literary Curiosities.*

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FIRST EDITION.

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LONDON :  
Published at The "Animals' Guardian" Office,  
22a, Regent Street, S.W.  
1913.

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**“READY FOR DUTY.”**

*(From an original oil-painting by Major J. C. Mathews).*



## PREFACE.

"It is the serious minority which accomplishes great things."—  
DR. GORE, Bishop of Oxford.

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THE object of this book is to direct public attention to some of the evils arising from and due to our treatment of animals. The dominion which we exercise is a despotism in which we are the tyrants and the animals are the victims. Custom and tradition inherited from past ages are largely responsible for this state of affairs, and although much has been done in many countries, particularly among Anglo-Saxon communities, in the past hundred years, much, very much, still remains to be accomplished. The evils arise almost wholly from two causes. First, commercial and agricultural exploitation; second, from our pleasures and our sports.

A little over one hundred years ago, when a man was charged with horrible cruelty to a cow, the case was dismissed because the cow was considered a farm implement and therefore was the man's own property to torture as he wished. It is apparent from a study of historical records that man has exhausted every possibility of devilish ingenuity to torment and even to torture animals. But man has also tortured man. There is in some persons what may be best described as instinctive humanity, but, generally speaking, humanity is a quality wholly acquired and derived from mental, or rather moral, culture, as old Henry Crowe insisted. Boswell credits Dr. Johnson with saying, "Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired by the cultivation of Reason."

To Richard Martin, a North of Ireland Member of Parliament, and to Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, the credit is due for the first efforts at legislative protection in this country, and to the Comte de Grammont in France. But it can quite fairly be urged that the best minds in all ages since man, having emerged from barbarism, began to

build up a civilised state, have, in most cases, been on the side of the lower creatures. The highest type of intellect, when allied with a sympathetic nature, has invariably been foremost in defence of the rights and claims of animals. There have been, of course, cases where an aridity of nature has caused other men of intellect to be contemptuous and indifferent to the claims of the lower creatures, but such characters have not survived in the grateful esteem and remembrance of mankind to anything like the same extent as the former, if at all. It is not altogether singular that what is most often quoted and best remembered in the writings or speeches of the great is what they have said on behalf of the lowly and the downtrodden.

Who can help connecting Shakespeare's immortal declaration—

We do pray for Mercy  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of Mercy—

with his protest, put in the mouth of the physician in *Cymbeline* with reference to the suggested testing of poison on animals—

“Your Highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.”

Who can recall the names of those who opposed and tried by scoffing to kill the first Bill presented to Parliament for the protection of animals from cruelty except by reference to the Parliamentary records? But, the name of Richard Martin, who introduced the Bill into the House of Commons, and that of Lord Erskine, who promoted it in the House of Lords, will ever be held in respectful memory.

From Shakespeare down to the present time, practically every great and familiar name in our literature has been associated with advocacy of the claims of animals and pleas for their kindly and protective treatment. The list includes:—Dr. Johnson, Shelley, Oliver Goldsmith, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Ruskin, Tennyson, Pope, Cowper, Keble, Wordsworth, Southey, Blake, Edwin Arnold, Lewis Morris, Robert Buchanan, Browning and his wife,



Thomas Hardy, Carlyle, S. T. Coleridge, John Morley, James Payn, Wilkie Collins, Marie Corelli, Sarah Grand, Prof. Freeman, Alfred Russell Wallace, William Watson, Bernard Shaw, Jerome K. Jerome and others. Nor must we forget those of other countries who have associated themselves with this brilliant company. Wagner, whose centenary we have just celebrated; Ouida, whose heart burned with indignation at the suffering inflicted upon animals; Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Voltaire and Pierre Loti of the great Latin race which has so enriched literature and philosophy; while Maeterlinck has brought his country (Belgium) into the list of the nations whose literary sons and daughters have pleaded the cause of the oppressed, and Tolstoy has done the same for Russia.

Nor should I care to forget what those of Anglo-Saxon ancestry in the United States have wrought in this matter, to mention only Longfellow, Mark Twain, R. W. Emerson, Walt Whitman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Myrtle Reed. Nor, in this connection, would I be disposed to omit the powerful appeals for the animals made by that sturdy publicist, Robert Ingersoll. Passages from the writings of these distinguished persons will live as long as their language is spoken; their beautiful and sympathetic idealism will remain with us for ever, inspiring the soul of man and leading humanity towards lovelier ways. And I am fain to confess that I would rather be the author of Longfellow's\* or Samuel Taylor Coleridge's† beautiful and noble lines than I would of any great political speech I can recall. They will be remembered and quoted for all time.

These are only a few of the illustrious persons who have been on the side of the "Under Dog" in its contest with cruel and

\* "Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the  
least,  
That man I honour and revere,  
Who without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand,  
The friend of every friendless beast."

† "Farewell, farewell; but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest:  
He prayest well, who lovest well  
Both bird and man and beast.  
He prayeth best, who loveth best,  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

—From "*The Ancient Mariner*."

callous mankind. Sympathy is not sentimentality; it is a Divine impulse; it is one of the noblest of instincts; it is a sweetening influence redeeming the aridness of life and bringing joy and sunshine into the sad and stricken places; it uplifts human nature and ennobles mankind. But instinctive sympathy is also known among animals, and this brings them nearer to us in spirit and in merit.

Henry Crowe, writing in 1822, asserted that the moral obligation of man towards animals was never inculcated as a virtue earlier than the time of our own Shakespeare, although a few expressions of benevolent feeling towards animals are recorded in history. Thus Plutarch: "Kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every kind."

The *moral* claims of animals to protection rest mainly upon their sentiency; their *practical* claims upon their utility to mankind. Surely that is enough? The intolerable egotism of man, allied to his besotted ignorance and his barbaric tyranny, has led him to regard the sub-human orders of creation as made primarily for his despotic and selfish dominion, exercised largely without any sense of responsibility or moral duty. A crude and narrow reading of the first chapter of Genesis is held to be his *magna charta* as regards the animal kingdom. His privileges he exercises with almost complete disregard of the rights of the animals; his correlative duties arising upon those privileges he ignores or forgets. If the Churches of Christendom had done their duty, not a child would have grown up without having impressed upon its mind—"Remember, He who made thee, made the brute"—although I regret the use of this word by the poet, considering the other definition it bears. The vast majority of children grow up without even the simplest teaching on this aspect of moral duty; and the results we see everywhere around us, accentuated by the evil example of their "elders and betters." The selfish claims and pretensions of man over the creatures are all they hear about. They are early indoctrinated with the idea of man's rights, but rarely, if ever, as to his duties towards "the creatures committed



to his care." Manning once laid it down that if man had no duties towards the animals, he had a duty towards the Creator of those animals. This was, perhaps, as far as Manning, as a Roman ecclesiastic, could go; but I hold we have duties towards them based on what we owe to the animals for their manifold services to us. To put it on a mere commercial basis, on balance we owe the animals far more than they owe to us.

The various chapters in this volume are by experts, writing with full knowledge. It has not been found possible to deal with all forms of cruelty, but the book contains sufficient facts as to some of the principal cruelties perpetrated upon dumb animals. A great mass of matter abounds on other topics, but much of it is unauthenticated, and therefore it cannot be verified. Sufficient, however, is told in the following pages to justify this effort to expose to the eyes of humanity the naked horrors which abound in their midst, and to which they are either blind or indifferent.

The late Dean Farrar once said in a notable sermon that many evils were due to "guilty custom." Custom and tradition are responsible for the continuance of some of the gravest evils of the day. The supineness with which the vast majority of people view many public questions applies also to humane matters. But, beyond those who are merely supine, there are still a number, and it is to be feared, a considerable number, of such a brutish disposition that innumerable animals suffer very greatly at their hands, and would suffer still more were it not for the action of the humane Societies and the police.

In a book entitled "*Considerations on the Moral Treatment of Inferior Animals*" by Henry Crowe, M.A., late Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and Vicar of Buckingham, published in 1822, the author puts into the mouths of the animals an appeal to the conscience of mankind :—

"You boast yourselves superior to us, by the endowments of reason, and the feelings of humanity, pre-eminences which we do not question; yet how frequently do you lose sight of both, in your actual conduct towards us? We readily admit,

that you are ordained by the WORD OF GOD HIMSELF lords of the creation, and of us inferior animals; but why should you therefore be the tyrants also? Be well aware, that the 'dominion over us,' so vested in you, is not a supreme and arbitrary sway, but a delegated authority, and therefore a trust of awful responsibility from our benevolent Father and Protector. We do not deny your right to whatever services or utility we can render you; undoubtedly they are your just prerogative. As far as we can promote your welfare, make use of us. Our labour is of vast importance to you; our bodies supply you with food and raiment: and in various other cases we benefit you materially. But remember that these our services give rise to certain reciprocal claims from us upon your gratitude, and consequently to some duties on your side. We look up to you, therefore, for protection, or at least kindness, in return; which expectations in us will appear the more just and equitable, when it is considered that you are far more dependent on us for support, preservation, and general well-being, than we can be on any requital from you. We entreat you to bear in mind that we have all of us our several enjoyments of existence, bestowed by the common AUTHOR OF NATURE; that we are susceptible of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery, like yourselves. Exact, then, no unreasonable labour of us; inflict not pain wantonly or capriciously; nor treat us with habitual unkindness. Take not away our lives unnecessarily; and when the purpose of supplying yourselves with food, or any other necessity or even utility requires, do it but with mercy. Some of us may be less serviceable, and others noxious to you; but recollect well that God has made us so; that whatever evils we may cause to you, we are guiltless of intention, being guided by instinct, and not reason, and therefore but fulfilling purposes designed by our CREATOR; that we are strangers to cruelty and malice, and being incapable of moral depravity, can never be fit objects of your inveterate enmity. Destroy such of us, if need be, for your own security, yet remember that you are inflicting pain and death. At least, do not, without some adequate end



or advantage to yourselves, ever deprive us of our lives, cause to us any misery, or debar us of any enjoyments."

The Legislature, by passing a number of amending acts of Parliament within the past century, has done something to build up and strengthen the law on these matters, upon the foundation of the Act passed in 1822, introduced by Richard Martin, but much still remains to be done, despite the difficulties caused by the monopoly of Parliamentary time by rival political policies.

That there has been great progress in the past century is undeniable. We have travelled far since the days when men found their chief sport and pleasure in tormenting animals. The present generation knows little or nothing of many of the evils of the past, when goose-races, gander pulling, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, etc., were lawful and frequent amusements, because animals were in no sort of sense protected by law or public opinion. Cock-fighting is, although contrary to law, occasionally heard of to-day, principally in Ireland and more recently in the Midlands of England; but it is carried on very secretly, and the occasions are known only to a "select" few. The fact that the "sport" still survives shows that the Law in itself is insufficient to protect animals unless strongly backed by public opinion.

The plucking of live geese is, in a measure, still stated to persist in some places, but pulling the wool of sheep, instead of shearing them, has altogether died out. The sewing-up of ferrets' mouths, to prevent them gorging themselves with their prey, appears, from a recent case, to still persist among some warreners and trappers. The whipping of pigs to death, to make their flesh a delicacy, was praised as lately as the reign of George III!

There was a time when, in Ireland, ploughing and harrowing were carried on with three or four horses abreast, the horses drawing by the tail, and this when they were tired out with drawing in traces. We have happily gone beyond the days when saw-bits, wire whips, and spurs with nicks several

inches in length were considered the fair equipment of many horsemen, and it is difficult nowadays to conceive of the state of mind of people who could take pleasure in seeing five or six men whip and tantalise a blinded bear for the purpose of amusing the onlookers.

One noble earl in the reign of King John supplied a common to the butchers of Stamford in Lincolnshire, whereon they could keep their cattle for slaughter, on the condition that they should annually provide a mad bull for sport. It is absolutely impossible to understand how men could derive amusement from putting a cat into a barrel half filled with soot, and suspended from a gallows, at which they then rode, striking it with large clubs or wooden hammers to see who should first knock out the bottom, and thus let out the cat, upon which the poor creature, terrified with the blows and the shouting, and blackened, blinded, and almost suffocated with the soot, was thereupon further chased until killed.

It was once urged, in the Victorian era, by a learned professor before a Royal Commission, that Parliament should not be called upon to legislate in advance of the moral sentiment of the community. But what would have been the position of animals if Parliament had not legislated in advance of the moral sense of a community which indulged in such practices and could derive amusement from them?

For, be it remembered, it is usually only a minority which agitates for reforms, and, in the long run, succeeds, despite the inertness of the great mass of public opinion, which is, except in great crises, apt to be slowly responsive, where their own particular personal interests are not involved.

The object of every reflecting lover of animals, working less from sentiment than from definite moral principles of justice and equity, is to induce man to change the old methods of thought and of conduct, to stop his crude and thoughtless treatment, and to become in reality what he has been held to be in principle—the God of the animal world.

The chapters of which this book is composed are written



by experts from their personal experience and with first-hand knowledge, and in what is there set down the reader will assuredly find ample facts for reflection.

Miss A. M. F. Cole, who deals with the worn-out horse traffic, which is carried on between Great Britain and the Continent, has spent months at a time within recent years in investigating the facts and its accompanying horrors. Mr. James Buckland, whom I am glad to greet as a fellow Devonian, is the first authority in this country on bird plumage. Madam Sarah Grand needs no introduction either to the general public or to friends of animals. We may not all subscribe to her doctrine that woman is less responsible for the cruelties of murderous millinery than the man who procures the feathers and, by tempting her artistic sense, induces her to purchase and wear them, but we shall all be agreed with her that, whoever is responsible, "murderous millinery" is merely a legacy of barbarism, of days when men and women, for lack of other material, clothed themselves in the skins and the feathers of the wild creatures. A very painful topic is that of the slaughtering of cattle, which is dealt with by Mr. C. W. Forward, who has investigated the subject for many years, and related to this question is the remedial one of humane methods of killing, admirably treated by Mr. R. O. P. Paddison, who has devoted much time not only to investigation but to inducing butchers and others to generally adopt humane killers. Captain von Herbert writes on the evil results to animals of the wars which at times afflict humanity, while Mr. J. Sutcliffe Hurndall, whose efforts on behalf of the humane treatment of animals, particularly horses and dogs, deserve the warmest recognition, writes from his great experience on the docking of horses and on bearing reins. Mr. Bensusan has kindly permitted the reproduction of the articles, which he wrote some years ago, touching on the very serious and growing evil of performing animals, and the methods by which they are trained. Other articles include the consideration of the cruel steel trap, wounded horses in war, etc., and I must apologise for appearing so frequently as the writer on these and other

questions, which I would have preferred to have seen dealt with by other contributors.

The idea of the book is to afford to those who speak, write, and preach on this question well-authenticated material upon which to base their arguments and appeals.

It may appear to many absolutely inconceivable that the civilization of which we boast so much should still retain so many gross cruelties to animals. Ignorance, of course, will account for much. Apathy is also a considerable factor in the slow progress of the humane ideal. Further, the severity of the competitive struggle for existence among humans, the economic troubles of masses of the people, the commercial struggle to pay twenty shillings in the pound, or to show a profit on the general turnover, all these things react upon the conditions, the happiness, and the well-being of the animals who serve us, and who thus become victims of our competitive system, apart from the cruelties perpetrated on creatures which belong more or less to wild nature, and which have no particular merit as helpers of man in the sense possessed by the domesticated horse, cat, sheep, dog, and pig ; but no doubt they have their place in the world, and have some necessary value in the scheme of nature. The crudest minds, of course, can see no particular merit in some of the creatures they ruthlessly destroy, and although it is difficult at times to understand what is the exact value of certain of them, particularly those which, by the profligacy of nature, threaten to become pests, yet we may believe with Tennyson that “ nothing walks with aimless feet,” and repeat the rule of the Society of St. George, drafted by Ruskin,—“ I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing ; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.”

SIDNEY TRIST.

22A, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON, S.W.,

*June, 1913.*

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WORKED TO THE LAST OUNCE.

*(From a Photograph).*



THE TRAFFIC OF  
WORN-OUT AND DISEASED  
HORSES.









OUR WORN OUT HORSE TRAFFIC.  
THEIR LAST VOYAGE: THE PITIABLE PLIGHT OF HORSES IN A GALE.



# THE TRAFFIC OF WORN-OUT AND DISEASED HORSES.

By A. M. F. COLLE.

---

“Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.”—PROV. xxxi. 8.

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IN 1910 a Bill was passed in the British Parliament to regulate the Traffic in Decrepit Horses. This Bill caused improvement in the condition of exports and transport. At the same time Belgian law intervened to protect the horses on their arrival from brutal ill-treatment at the port.

For a right understanding of this traffic, it is necessary to remember :—

1. That it is in worn-out horses, old and weak.
2. That the callous brutality of the dealers in the traffic, and of drovers employed by them, was only restrained by law, and is to be feared wherever that law, or its application, fails.
3. That during the transport by sea, application of the law depends on the humanity and energy of the Captain ; and that during long journeys into the interior of Belgium, the old horses are without protection and entirely at the mercy of dealers and drovers.

The number of decrepit English horses exported last year for slaughter to Belgium was 24,780. The number sent to Belgium and Holland each year for slaughter is from 42,000 to 43,000.

The main exportation of worn-out horses from England is to Antwerp, Ghent, Rotterdam and Amsterdam. In all these ports Inspectors of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are free to meet the animals at the docks. Inspectors of the English Society are not allowed at the

English docks, and cruelty occurs there. The veterinary inspection at the English docks is defective. Cases of glanders and of mange have reached Antwerp. Horses get through in a terribly emaciated condition, with enormously swelled hocks, with blind eyes running with matter, and too lame to walk to the slaughter-house.

The law permits the exportation of blind horses, and every week blind horses are exported, generally from the mines. It is evident that blindness must cause much additional suffering during transport on land and on sea. Small pit ponies, often blind, are bought in Belgium for Vivisection and experiment in the Veterinary Colleges. They are cheaper than horses.

From the British Consul at Amsterdam, I hear that about 5,000 to 6,000 old horses are imported there annually for slaughter, mainly from England. The Secretary of the S.P.C.A. there refused to give me any information as to the condition of the horses on arrival.

DEN HEER VAN STOLK, Secretary of the S.P.C.A. at Rotterdam, tells me that the average number of old English horses sent there for slaughter each year is about 13,000. Of late years they have generally arrived in good condition *if the weather has been good*. But the Secretary writes:—

“ You can make as many regulations as you like in England about the fitness of the horses that may be shipped and about the accommodation on board the steamers, and they will all be of no avail to the poor brutes when brought over in bad weather. In that case they will arrive in the Continental ports in the same frightful condition as they have done since I can remember.”

I wrote asking for further details as to the condition of the horses after a bad passage, and whether it is true that they fall across each other and across the gangway, so that it is impossible to get at the injured to kill them where they lie? This is the answer:—

“ After a rough passage, the horses come over in such a condition that I can scarcely describe the same. If the





THE IN-COMING OF THE SHIP OF DEATH: TRANSFERRING DEAD HORSES FROM A VESSEL TO A CART; IN THE FOREGROUND, HORSES THAT HAD TO BE SLAUGHTERED ON ARRIVAL. "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," MARCH, 1910.

"The first sight we saw at Antwerp was a high waggon from which were protruding twenty-four feet, many attached to broken limbs, representing six poor horses that had died on board ship." These were part of a cargo brought by a steam-ship from England, which had started with 157 horses. "As we looked on, other carcasses were being taken by a high crane from the ship, a truly ghastly scene, for while it transpired that one dead animal had been thrown overboard en route . . . altogether thirty other horses had died" (*Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., London*). Seventeen others were so injured that on their arrival they were killed by the inspector of the Belgian S.P.C.A.

Drawn by H. W. KOEKKOEK from a photograph supplied by the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., and reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of "The Illustrated London News."





weather has been very bad, all the boxes in which they are carried over are broken, and the animals are lying in one heap. In that case it is very difficult to have them put on shore without further cruelty. The seriously injured animals are shot where they are. Equally, our Inspectors shoot the animals coming over in good weather which have fallen down during the passage and are not able to rise."

I call your special attention to the following clauses in these letters :—

"The best would, of course, be to have them all killed in England, as is done with those horses that may not be shipped alive because they are too weak to stand the crossing.

"Dead horses, killed in England, are brought over to our port about 1,000 a year."

In answer to my further questions :—

"The dead horses come over in boxes as dead horses simply, and on arrival the meat is inspected here and is as good as that of horses killed here. But the heads of the animals are all destroyed, because they are not worth the duty that must be paid here on meat when imported.

"Now, as horses coming over alive do not pay any duty, this is one of the chief reasons why people are so opposed to have the horses killed in England.

"Now I suppose that a great deal of this cruelty begins in your country by allowing the horses to be worked in a condition so bad that they could not do so in our country."

On Sunday, April 6th, I went with M. Ruhl (President of the Anderlecht (Brussels) Society for the Protection of Animals) to Ghent. Before 7 a.m. on Monday morning we were at the docks, accompanied by M. Spilthoon and a constable. A great storm obliged boats conveying English horses to put back to their English harbour. We saw no decrepit horses arrive on the Monday or the Tuesday.

Little horse-flesh is eaten at Ghent, and English horses sent there for slaughter are used mainly for the manufacture of "Bologna" sausages. Blood is mixed with the flesh for the making of sausages, and that is one reason why dealers and butchers object to the slaughter of injured horses where they fall.

We visited the quarantine stables, and found the accommodation good. The Veterinary Inspector there gave us much information. We also visited the slaughter-house. The stables there have water-pipes carried along the walls with taps over the troughs—a practical and humane arrangement. The number of old English horses slaughtered there last year was 2,273. They are killed with a hammer: and the heads of English horses are hard.

In the quarantine stables and in the slaughter-house, dealers are supposed to feed their horses. It is safer to impose a charge and have the horses fed; as at Antwerp.

At the Belgian ports, after veterinary inspection, horses destined for slaughter are marked by a numbered button. A hole is made in the horse's ear, the hollow stem of the button passed through, a fastening fixed into it on the other side, and the whole clamped together. These buttons attached to the skin of the ear must be returned to the Inspector at the port of arrival within a given time. Most of the old English horses are so marked. They may be driven on foot and without food or water any distance before they are killed. At Ghent we were told, on the one hand, that all horses taken into the interior of the country are conveyed by train; on the other, that horses marked for slaughter have been seen towing barges along the canal to Charleroi, a distance of thirty miles. As this would mean gain to the dealers, it is probably true.

The number of old English horses arriving at Ghent last year (1912) for slaughter was 6,304. They seem to arrive irregularly, and the landing to be little supervised. If a horse falls after it leaves the boat it must be conveyed to the slaughter-house to be killed, no matter how it is injured. The Society for



the Slaughter-houses. He paints only what he sees.  
*Painted by KURT PEISER, ANTWERP.*



1.—“SUFFERING’S END” (THE DEATH OF THE OLD WHITE HORSE).

The old horses fall on the gangway; on the road; and on descending from the floats. They fall from weakness, exhaustion, or injury. If they cannot get up, they may be slaughtered at once without further ill-treatment. Their fate depends on the presence of an inspector.





the Protection of Animals at Ghent is badly supported and paralysed in its efforts by lack of money.

Mr. Lethbridge, Vice-Consul at Ghent, wrote,—in answer to a letter from me,—that the importation of old English horses there has diminished 50 per cent., and the condition greatly improved, since the more stringent laws made by the Board of Agriculture. He wrote further :—

“ You ask my opinion as to the different measures suggested to avoid all unnecessary suffering to the animals. I venture then to say that the only one that I should at all approve of is the one you mention . . . as being used on the Rotterdam route, where you say about a thousand horses arrive dead, having been slaughtered before loading in the United Kingdom. If this was made obligatory in the case of all old and decrepit horses, there would be an end to the matter, and the whole world would see that England was sincere in her denunciation of cruelty to these poor beasts. Until the British Authorities take this course, I cannot, for my part, blame the Belgians if they express doubts on the point. I have very strong opinions on the subject of this shameful traffic, which is a disgrace to our nation, and I do not sympathise with the attempts to dictate to the foreigner the measures he should adopt to lessen the cruelty which we ourselves have initiated and made inevitable. I can conceive no reason why a traffic which cannot be carried on, under any restrictions whatever, without continued and intense suffering to such sensitive creatures, should not be absolutely prohibited, and I shall be very glad if you can see your way to support this view at the Congress. With heartiest wishes for the success of any plans which can be found possible to remedy this crying, evil, etc.”

The main Traffic is with Antwerp. Last year (1912) 18,476 decrepit English Horses, for slaughter, arrived at that port. Of that number I know that 57 were sent to one Veterinary College alone, evidently for vivisection. And only between 6,000 and 7,000 were slaughtered at Antwerp.

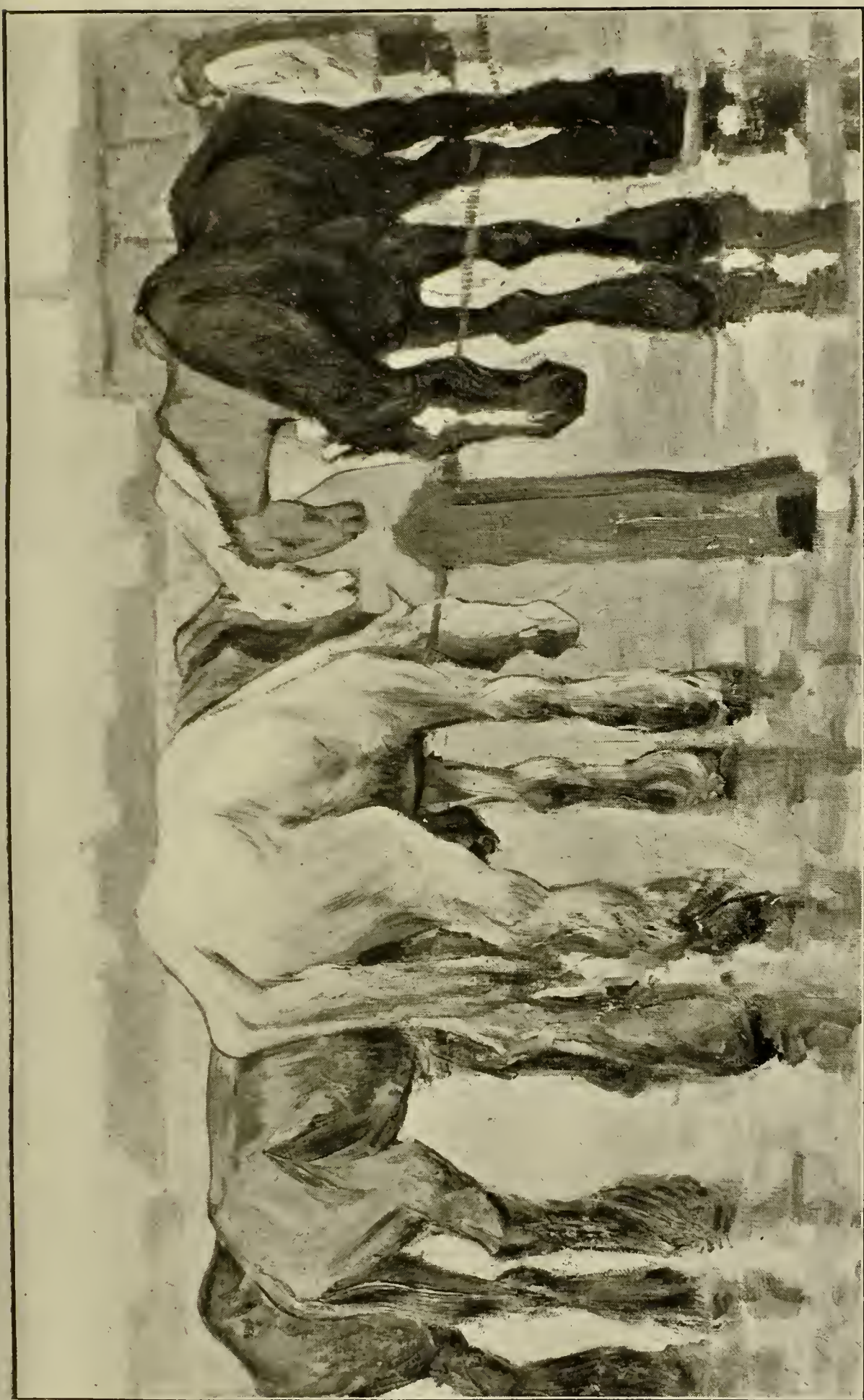
## AT ANTWERP.

Hull, Goole, Newcastle, and Leith, send these horses every week. The boats arrive generally between Sunday night and Monday morning, and begin to land the horses at 7 a.m. on Monday. Conditions on the boat are generally good, but after rough weather the horses arrive in a terrible condition. It is sometimes impossible to get at the injured to kill them where they fall on the boat. The main traffic is in winter, because that is the season for sausage-making in Belgium, and of least work for old horses in England. Six hundred sometimes arrive at Antwerp in one week during winter, and in winter the North Sea is often rough.

Inspector Duflou has caused tubs of water to be placed near the boats, from which the horses drink on landing, when the Inspector is near. He, alone, supervises the landing from four boats at once.

Outside the docks the horses are tied to the iron railings in a row, for inspection by the Veterinary Inspector. Those too lame or weak to walk are conveyed in floats. About two hours are spent in the walk from the docks to the quarantine stables, including two rests of ten minutes duration. Every dealer is forced to pay 1f. 70c. a head for the feeding of his horses while they are in these stables. This rule we owe to the efforts of M. VAN PEBORGH, Senateur, who also requested the Society, and the police, to give all help in our investigation. Horses conveyed in the floats are taken directly to the slaughter-house. The quarantine stables are also a market. Horses may stay there for three days, or may be taken to the slaughter-house, or towards the interior of the country, in the afternoon. At the slaughter-houses a humane killer is used for oxen ; but the old horses are not worth the extra expense of a cartridge. They are killed with a pointed hammer. An eye-witness tells me that the slaughterers generally aim straight, but that on Mondays many of them drink and on Tuesdays cannot aim straight. He also told me that when a horse conveyed in a float cannot





## 2.—PIT HORSES IN THE MARKET.

The market is at—and outside—the Quarantine Stables. Mine horses, in a miserable condition, are exported for slaughter, and are recognisable by the shape of their legs and their back, caused by work in the mines. Pit ponies, also arrive every week. They are generally blind : and because they are cheap, are often bought for vivisection at Veterinary Colleges.





stand, the back of the float is let down, the horse drawn with its head over some receptacle for blood, and its throat is cut.

About 50 horses start each Monday evening towards Brussels, on foot. It is only lately that horses have been fed at the quarantine stables, and many have died on the road of exhaustion or starvation. Many too have been goaded on, as long as they could stagger, by deliberate cruelty! Along the roads where they went the bark is gnawed off the trees. There is still time for starvation and cruelty, between the starting of the horses on Monday from Antwerp, and their slaughter on Thursday or Friday. During that interval they are wholly in the hands of drovers, dealers, and butchers. There is no limit to the distance they may be driven.

The dealers in this traffic are hostile to any watching of their trade. I went alone to the Docks, with my camera, on Monday 10th March, and happened to meet a cargo of horses which had come in in the early hours from Hull. I was surrounded by dealers and drovers, shouted at, hit on the face by something thrown at me, and followed everywhere by a lad leading a horse in decent condition. This horse was thrust between me and every miserable horse that I tried to examine. It was also frequently thrust very close to me when I stood against the iron railings. The horses generally seemed to be in a worse condition than they were last year. One fell in crossing the road. Five were conveyed to the slaughter-house in floats, four standing and one lying down. From that date fewer horses arrived, and those in better condition, owing, no doubt, to the watching of the traffic at several ports.

The dealers are organised, and can afford to pay for watching and information. The movements of Government Inspectors are watched, and news of their intended visit telegraphed wherever the warning is useful. There are no surprise visits. It is also certain that what we see is no real sample of the treatment of the horses when no one is watching. A man who, dressed as a workman, sees what ordinarily



time the Inspector came. Stooping over the horse he placed the humane killer against its head. There was a report, and the horse gave a shudder. Then the Inspector thrust a knife into the breast and the blood rushed out. It was the happiest sight I saw that day.

We found that the five other horses had food and water, but one had been tied so that it could not reach the water. It was a two-year-old colt with immense swellings on its legs, and evidently had been a pet. It thrust its nose against my hands, and against M. Ruhl's head when he bent to loosen it so that it could drink.

On Easter Monday the horses left the stables several hours earlier than usual, and we went by train to Malines, half way to Brussels, to see those that pass there on foot. We waited in wayside inns, and from one of them I saw three miserable donkeys that had come with the horses, being driven to Brussels. I gave them some bread, and they ate it ravenously, snatching it out of my hands.

It was dark when about 40 horses came past, tied together like a gang of convicts, two of them ridden by drovers. Some were left at Malines or taken elsewhere; the rest went on towards Brussels. We followed them for a long way, but there was little light, and I could only see that one horse was very lame, and hear the continual cracking of whips. Lame and weak horses are tied behind the gang and pulled along by the rest.

At Brussels M. Ruhl watched for these horses till 1.30 a.m. but did not see them. It is forbidden to take horses marked for slaughter into any stable on the way to the slaughter-house where they are killed.

On Monday, March 31st, M. Ruhl and I again met the boats and visited two before the horses landed. The conditions were generally good. On the Leith boat I saw four horses in boxes covered by tarpaulin on the open deck. Leith sent last year 900 odd in 18,000 odd. But half the total of deaths during transit occurred on the Leith boats.



One horse fell on the gangway. It was pulled down by the tail on to the level, and after some vain efforts to rise, was slung up on to its feet. There was no ill-treatment. But we were looking on.

In the procession were the usual blind pit ponies. Here and there a running sore eye; a bitten, bleeding mouth; a tail or hip with hair and skin rubbed off. I noticed a grey pony with disfigured mane and tail. The procession was brought up by the usual two floats. Four live horses in one; two live and one dead in the other.

We went to the slaughter-house to see what became of the horses taken there in the floats. We did not find them. After a long search we found seven horses wandering about in a big stable without straw or food. I cannot assert that they were old English horses. A man who watches that traffic unobserved, declares that those horses may be, and are, bought and taken away immediately on arrival at the quarantine stables. Officials say that this is not true. Those horses were evidently ravenous. Some of them came towards us. One followed us about. They were a wretched sight.

We found the director of the slaughter-house, and he promised that the horses should be fed. He told us that the dealers take the horses away from the quarantine stables where they must pay for their food, and send them to the slaughter-house to avoid that payment. Sometimes the horses wait there several days for slaughter. I wrote to M. Van Peborgh, Senateur, asking for an amendment ordering that all horses, including those conveyed on the floats, shall be kept at the quarantine stables till the day when they are slaughtered.

Towards evening we saw detachments of horses start on foot for the Interior. The fate of those conveyed by train is not much better. Some of the old horses are so weak that they fall from the movement of the train and cannot get up again; sometimes they suffocate each other. Also these trains are very slow. One carrying old horses to Brussels, a distance of 28 miles, was 20 hours on the road. For these reasons, compulsory



4.—“A TYPE OF ENGLAND'S EXPORTS.”

Horses like this may be seen standing outside the dock on a bitter winter morning, after crossing the North Sea. They wait there for from one to two hours, till all are ready for inspection before starting. The appearance of some is so deplorable that even this picture scarcely conveys their wretchedness.





conveyance by rail from the docks, would not be a satisfactory measure, especially as the end of a journey by rail might be the beginning of another on foot.

The fate of horses taken long distances on foot depends on the degree of their weakness. The drovers are often of the lowest class; men who can get no other employment. They are paid to get the horses to a certain slaughter-house, and they can use what means they like. Alone on country roads, generally at night, blows, cords tied round the lower lip, not including the teeth, and kicks, on lame legs, are amongst the means I have heard mentioned. *From the moment when our old horses are sold for slaughter they are only meat, to be conveyed and killed with the least possible expense to the dealers.*

At 3.30 on Tuesday morning, M. Ruhl and I set out from Brussels, in the van used for collecting dogs for the Home. We waited outside Brussels till nearly 5. At last we saw the horses coming towards us. There were fifteen, three abreast, all tied together. One behind was dead lame, dragged along by the rest. We followed at a distance and saw a pony detached from the rest and taken down a side street. Then the gang moved on. The few people who were about stood still to stare at them. We drove past them to the slaughter-house and waited for them there.

They came in. The lame horse was wet with sweat. A right forefoot was very swollen. He kept holding it up, and flinched when M. Ruhl touched it. *He had walked 28 miles in the night!* Blood dripped from the tail of another; the drover said a boy had cut the end off by mistake with the hair, at the quarantine stables at Antwerp.

Some of the horses were left tied to the railings in the yard, perhaps to be sold again and taken further. Some were taken into a stable. We went in with them and found that they had neither food nor water. Mr. Ruhl spoke to several officials, and later they were fed.

It is clear that this traffic in worn-out horses involves suffering that no law can prevent, and that laws made to lessen that suffering are broken.



*I beg whoever sends a horse to a knacker for slaughter to mark a hoof and insist on having it back within a given time.*

The exportation of blind horses, and of small pit ponies *which are chosen for vivisection*, ought to be immediately forbidden.

In Belgium, a law obliging slaughter of all decrepit horses at the port of arrival would greatly diminish suffering. I am told that the Belgian Government would make this law if England required it as a condition of the export.

I do not think that a slaughter-house and stables at the Antwerp docks would improve the conditions of this traffic *unless all the horses were slaughtered there*. That procession through Antwerp keeps the scandal before the public. It is generally called "The Shame of England!"

Inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. ought to be at the docks in Great Britain where the horses are loaded.

But this traffic is in worn-out horses, feeble from age or infirmity; and the transport of these old horses over the North Sea in all weathers involves a very great deal of suffering.

The traffic cannot be stopped. But the traffic in *live* horses can and ought to be stopped. The Veterinary Inspector at Antwerp declares that meat conveyed in refrigerators is as good as meat freshly killed, if properly cooked. The Inspector at Rotterdam finds the flesh of horses killed before loading in England as good as the flesh of horses sent over alive.

In Holland there is a duty of six cents a kilog (about  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pound) on imported dead meat. The profits of this traffic are enormous. A worn-out horse in England is worth from £1 to 30s., but, where the flesh is used as food, it is worth from £6 to £14. This duty would slightly increase the price of horse-flesh in Holland, but the humane and enlightened Dutch Government would probably not oppose a measure for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

In Belgium importation of dead meat is forbidden. The





##### 5.—MARKED FOR DEATH.

After veterinary inspection, most of the horses are marked for slaughter by a numbered metal button clamped through the ear. These buttons, and the ear, must be sent back to the port within a certain time. (A longer interval is allowed for those sold for vivisection). The picture shows a horse that has jerked its head during the marking, with the result that the ear has been injured, and is bleeding.





Belgian Government can modify this law at its own discretion.\* At the request of the English Government, and for humane motives, I believe the Belgian Government would make an exception in the case of decrepit English horses.

If the English Government forbade the exportation of living worn-out horses, the traffic, so profitable to England, would not suffer. Horse-flesh in most Continental countries is a food of the poor, and the supply from England is necessary. It is probable that the Belgian Government could more easily grant an exception, if the alternative of that concession was a shortage of horse-flesh.

Horses, or carcasses, could be inspected in England by foreign Veterinary Inspectors.

An Import Duty and change in the methods of transport would at first lessen the profits of this traffic, but if the horses were slaughtered in England and the meat exported in refrigerators, what is now a monopoly of the dealers would become an English industry.

No international, political or economic reason prevents the prohibition of this traffic in live, decrepit horses by the English Government. Humanity and national self-respect require that prohibition.

A. M. F. COLE.

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\* I hear from M. Van Peborgh that dead horses, mules, and donkeys may now be imported, if the lungs are sent with the carcass. Belgian Veterinary inspection, *in England*, would make that condition unnecessary.

For the fulness of my report, I have to thank Mr. Ruhl, President of the S.P.C.A. of Anderlecht, Bruxelles, who has given days and nights to show me every detail of this traffic.

At Antwerp, I have to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wood; M. Van Peborgh, Senateur; M. Van den Heyden, Veterinary Inspector; M. Poffé, Secretary, and Inspector Duflou of the S.P.C.A.; and the Director of the Slaughter-house.

At Ghent, M. Van Wesemael, Chief Commissioner of Police; M. Van den Hove, Hon. Secretary, and M. Spilthoon, Vol. Inspector of the S.P.C.A.; and the Director of the Slaughter-house.

The pictures of the Old Horse Traffic at Antwerp are from life and of what happens now. M. Kurt Peiser watches the traffic continually, dressed as a workman, and paints what he sees.



# THE END.

By CANON RAWNSLEY

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Uncared for, outcast from their living hell,  
The hull that crossed the main.  
The hand of Mammon drove them forth to sell,  
To be as exiles slain.

Spavined and galled, with hollow—sunken—  
Rib-furrowed, heads hung down,  
They passed to their blood-scented Paradise  
In Antwerp's careless town.

Slow as for funeral, lo ! with many a pause  
They went their fate to find—  
For pain the gum down-roping from their jaws—  
The maimed, the halt, the blind.

Through Antwerp's street the drear procession moved,  
The very pavement groaned,  
These were the horses English hearts had loved  
And England had disowned !

Two hundred horses who had done their best,  
Served Britain to the end ;  
Two hundred going to their solemn rest  
With only Death for friend.

Two hundred horses foaled across the sea,  
Their island's joy and pride,  
They had not bargained for their labour's fee  
That pain to death should ride.



6.—PROCESSION OF HORSES IN THE EVENING.

These horses are starting, on foot, for the interior of Belgium. Outside the city they are roped together in gangs of 40 or 50, weakest and lamest behind. Every Monday night some walk to Brussels, 28 miles from Antwerp. These are, generally, horses marked for slaughter. They are liable to be driven any distance; brutally treated; kept alive for several days; and given no food or water. Some have died of starvation on the way.





This was the surest hunter ever reined,  
That won the famous race,  
This to the clang of arms was steeled and trained,  
That learned a lady's pace.

That, once, the wisest in the land bestrode,  
And this a prince had borne,  
This to the stall the jolly ploughman rode  
That knew the coachman's horn.

Condemned they went to where the knackers slay,—  
Their crime was being old ;  
One only curse upon their backs to-day,—  
The greed of man for gold.

On, on, they staggered thro' an alien street,  
The bearers of our name,  
And not a heart that in compassion beat  
And not a tongue cried "shame!"

The bells for prayer rang clear above the crowd,  
The priests went to and fro ;  
None said, "this sorry work was disallowed  
By Christ long years ago."

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



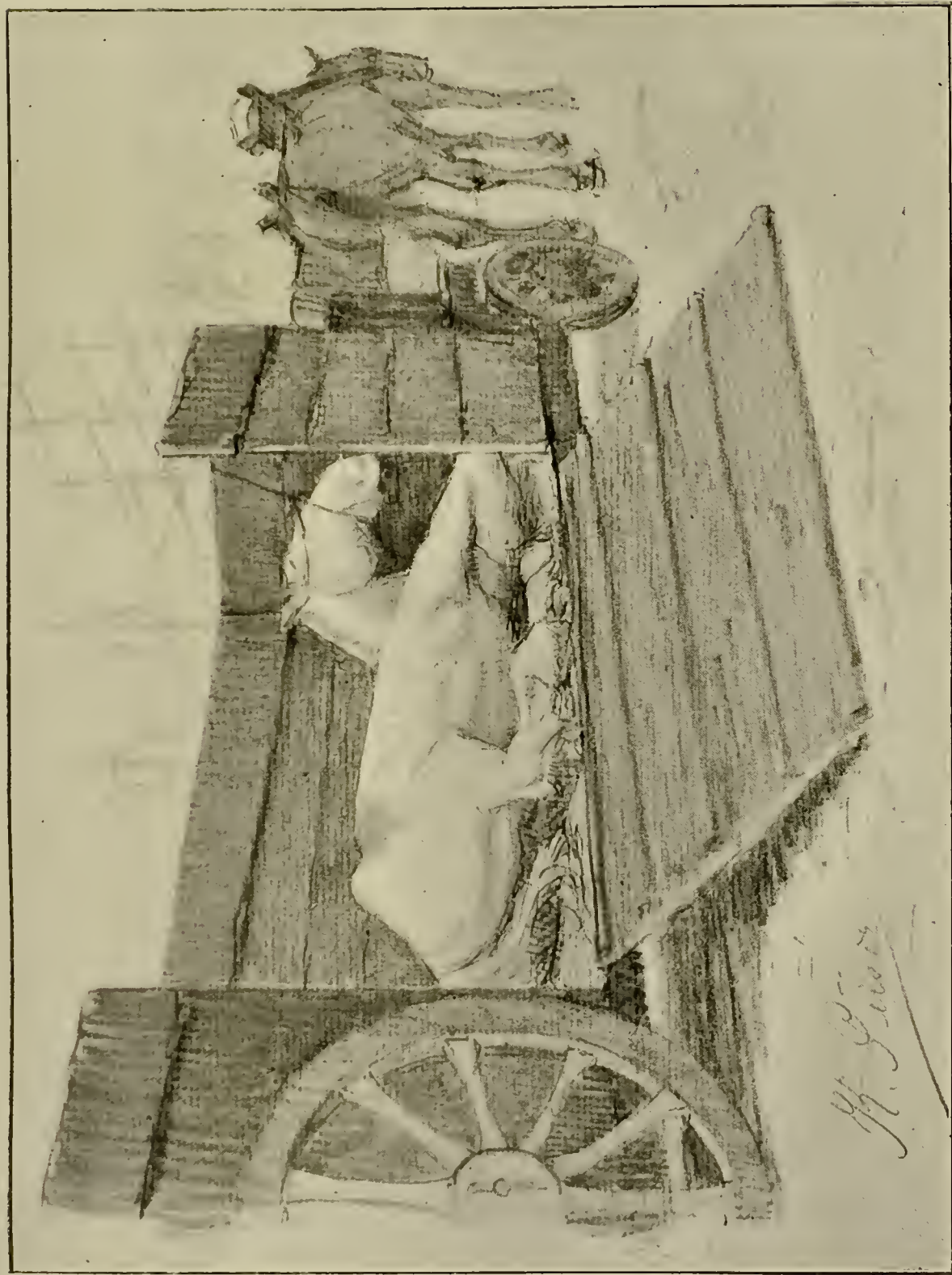


7.—“ON THE WAY TO THEIR END.”

Horses unable to walk are conveyed to the slaughter-house in floats. They are not taken to the Quarantine Stables, and it is doubtful whether they are either fed or immediately slaughtered. No law forbids their being kept alive for days without food. Horses lying down in the floats, and unable to stand, are dragged to the edge with their heads over a trough, and have their throats cut.







A HEAP OF MISFORTUNE.

*From a drawing by Kurt Peiser.*





THE HORRORS  
OF  
THE PLUME TRADE.









Beautiful in its simplicity, in its perfection  
of stateliness and serenity.



Heap of grebe wings chopped from the birds.

# THE HORRORS OF THE PLUME TRADE.

By JAMES BUCKLAND.

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“Enough there is of joy’s decrease and dearth!

Enough of pleasure and delight and beauty  
Perished and gone and hasting to decay;

Enough to sadden even those whose duty  
(Or spite) it is to havoc and to slay.

Too many a lovely race razed quite away  
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving,  
Here then begin thy cruel work to stay.”

TOM HOOD.

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IT is the nuptial feathers of birds that are used in fashionable millinery. These feathers are of commercial value only when they are ripe, and they are ripe only at the height of the breeding season. Parenthetically, I may mention that ripeness of a feather implies that the barbs are completely unfolded, and the blood drained away from the nourishing pith, or medulla. When this stage in the growth of a feather has been reached, the aperture at the base of the quill, through which the blood supply enters the nutriment channel, closes. The feather is now ripe. But it does not remain for any length of time in this perfect condition. It begins almost at once to lose that lustre and elasticity without which it has no beauty or durability as a hat decoration. By the time the young are fledged ornamental feathers have not only lost their suppleness and brilliancy but have further deteriorated by reason of the wear and tear to which they have been subjected. Hatching the eggs and rearing the young—domestic duties in which both sexes engage—is the hardest work birds have to do, and it tells heavily on their plumage. Breast feathers are worn, wing pinions broken, and tails badly frayed. Contact with the be-fouled nest, and the action of the wind and the rain, are also damaging agencies.



When the brood has been reared, Nature comes to the aid of the old birds, and the worn out feathers are moulted, giving place to new. But the new dress is dull by comparison with the rich-hued wedding garb, and finds no favour in the eyes of the dealer. Feathers of wild birds, therefore, that are used in millinery are obtainable only during the breeding season. Moreover, they must be collected before the young have left the nest. The only way to collect them is to kill the bird. The parents being dead, the young, deprived of food, die too.

Take, for instance, the case of the egret. During most of the year these birds are widely dispersed, feeding singly about the marshy borders of deep swamps and along lonely water courses. When the period of nidification arrives, they gather into heronries, commonly called rookeries, where they build their nests in trees growing in swamps. This situation is chosen because frogs, fish, and other forms of aquatic life, which are necessary as food for the nestlings, are at hand. With the advent of Nature's nuptial call, the filmy shoulder-tassels, known as "aigrettes," are developed. It is customary, however, with the hunters, since the egret is an exceedingly shy bird, to postpone the killing until the eggs are hatched, for then the old birds, parting with much of their fear of man through their blind, natural love for their offspring, are easily shot.

Although Arthur Mattingley's well-known photographs, which were seen for the first time in this country when I exhibited them in the form of lantern slides at a General Meeting of the Linnean Society of London on May 6th, 1909, have told the tragedy of the egret's plume pictorially to thousands of people throughout the kingdom, a brief verbal exposition may not be out of place here. In 1907 a message was despatched to Melbourne (Australia) that plume-hunters were at work on an egret rookery in the great swamp lands of the Upper Murray River. Mr. Mattingley hurried to the scene of slaughter. But he was too late. The mischief had been done. The scene, he has told me, was so terrible with evidences of suffering that it almost unnerved him. The dark waters of the swamp were strewn





The dying nestlings. An aigrette on the back of the bird is a bridal veil; on the head of a woman it is a shroud.



Chopping off the wings of a grebe to permit of the silvery breast feathers being more easily stripped from the body.





with the white bodies of the parent birds, floating silent in death, or slowly sinking into a grave of slime. From each carcase a swarm of flies, with hideous buzzing, rose and settled again as they feasted on the raw patch of flesh from which the plumes had been stripped. Above, in the trees, were the young egrets which had been left to die of starvation—some already dead, some still clinging feebly to life. From time to time a starvling craned its skeleton neck over the edge of the nest and uttered a faint cry for food. Then, sinking back, it stretched itself out in the nest and perished in agony. Others again, staggering to and fro as their waning strength left them, fell with a splash into the water beneath, and were miserably drowned.

A spot where all had been wildly beautiful, as the busy life of the rookery went uninterruptedly on, had been transformed by the hand of the plume-hunter into a dreary spectacle of empty trees. Desolation was over all, while from the putrefying bodies in the water and in the trees above a dreadful stench went up. The harvest of the aigrette had been reaped.

It was this untimely harvest that folded for ever the white wings of the egret in China. It swept these, the most lovely of all marshland birds, from the Argentine Republic, and from a dozen other regions I could name, as completely as though they had never existed. It brought about their practical extermination in the United States, where once they had bred in millions. It sent the red death billow rolling along the coasts of Mexico, past the Isthmus of Panama, through Colombia, and so onwards to the waters of the Orinoco, where to-day it is surging against the trees of the rookeries of Venezuela.

The cruelties Mr. Mattingley witnessed in Australia were sufficiently terrible, but they are almost insignificant in comparison with the brutalities that are being carried on in Venezuela. Here is a statement—the truthfulness of which has been sworn to before a Notary Public in New York City—by A. H. Meyer, himself a one-time plume hunter, and a man who has had unlimited experience with the aigrette hunters



in Venezuela :—" My attention has been called to the fact that certain commercial interests in this city (New York City) are circulating stories in the newspapers and elsewhere to the effect that the aigrettes used in the millinery trade come chiefly from Venezuela, where they are gathered from the ground in the large *garzeros* or breeding colonies of white herons. I wish to state that I have personally engaged in the work of collecting the plumes of these birds in Venezuela. This was my business for the years 1896 to 1905 inclusive. I am thoroughly conversant with the methods employed in gathering egret and snowy heron plumes in Venezuela, and I wish to give the following statement regarding the practices employed in procuring these feathers. The birds gather in large colonies to rear their young. They have the plumes only during the mating and nesting season. After the period when they are employed in caring for their young it is found that the plumes are virtually of no commercial value because of the worn and frayed condition to which they have been reduced. It is the custom in Venezuela to shoot the birds while the young are in the nests. A few feathers of the large white heron (American Egret), known as *garza blanca*, can be picked up of a morning about their breeding places, but these are of small value, and are known as 'dead feathers.' My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia, where these birds are to be found, and I have never yet found or heard tell of any *garzeros* that were guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the feathers from the ground. No such condition exists in Venezuela. The story is absolutely without foundation, and has simply been put forward for commercial purposes. The natives of the country, who do virtually all the hunting for feathers, are not provident in their nature, and their practices are of a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from wounded birds, leaving [the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above which were calling for food. I have known these people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the Marsh, where



Crying unavailingly for food. The mother, who stayed by her offspring till the bullet pierced her breast, lies dead beneath—rifled of her plumes.



Orphaned to trim a woman's hat.







hey would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this position until they die of their wounds or from the attacks of insects. I have seen the terrible red ants of that country actually eating out the eyes of these wounded, helpless birds that were tied up by the plume hunters."

Venezuela is the last stronghold on the earth of the egret. It will not be long now before here, as elsewhere, this beautiful but ill-fated bird will have faded out of sight for ever.

Stretching westward from the Sandwich Islands is a chain of smaller islands which are the property of the United States, and which are known as the Hawaiian Islands Reservation. These Islands are the breeding grounds of the sea birds of the North Pacific Ocean. For ages past these ocean wanderers have found in these isolated spots a safe harbourage in which to rear their young, and at the breeding season have swarmed there, covering every bit of available territory. On Laysan Island alone several millions must have bred every year. I use the past tense because to-day Laysan presents another sight. The opportunity afforded the feather dealers of collecting the skins and feathers of hundreds of thousands of birds at one fell swoop was too good to be lost, and this bird reservation was raided. Fortunately, the nefarious work was stopped by the arrival of the United States revenue cutter *Thetis*, but not before 259,000 pairs of albatross wings had been collected, to say nothing of the thousands of skins and feathers of other species. Had the raiders not been discovered, without doubt they would have killed every nesting bird on this and on the other breeding grounds and converted these unique possessions of the United States into veritable shambles.

How awful was the slaughter, and how atrocious were the cruelties practised, may be gathered from the following extract from a "Reports of an Expedition to Laysan Island in 1911 under the Joint Auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Iowa." This report was issued from the Government Printing Office, Washington, in 1912:—

“ The 17th day of April, 1911, our party sailed from Honolulu. About 11 o'clock on the seventh day Laysan Island was sighted. We expected to see clouds of birds about it, but in this we were disappointed. We reached the shore about 3 o'clock and spent the remainder of the day in landing our outfit and repairing the old building for our use. Our first impression of Laysan was that the poachers had stripped the place of bird life. On every side are bones bleaching in the sun, showing where the poachers have piled the bodies of the birds as they stripped them of wings and feathers. This wholesale killing has had an appalling effect on the colony. No one can estimate the hundreds of thousands of birds that have been wilfully sacrificed on Laysan to the whim of fashion and the lust of gain. Over a large part of the island that was thickly inhabited by albatrosses not a single bird remains, while heaps of the slain lie as mute testimony of the awful slaughter of these beautiful, harmless, and, without doubt, beneficial inhabitants of the high seas. In an old open guano shed were seen the remains of hundreds and possibly thousands of wings which were placed there but never cured for shipping, as the marauders were interrupted in their work. An old cistern back of one of the buildings tells a story of cruelty that surpasses anything else done by these heartless, sanguinary pirates, not excepting the practice of cutting the wings from living birds and leaving them to die of hæmorrhage. In this dry cistern the living birds were kept by hundreds to slowly starve to death. In this way the fatty tissue lying next to the skin was used up and the skin was left quite free from grease, so that it required little or no cleaning during preparation. Many other revolting sights, such as the remains of young birds that had been left to starve and birds with broken legs and deformed beaks were to be seen. Killing clubs, nets, and other implements used by these marauders were lying all about. Hundreds of boxes to be used in shipping the bird skins were packed in an old building. It was very evident they intended to carry on their slaughter as long as the birds lasted.”

## THE HORRORS OF THE PLUME TRADE 27

In giving these few facts to prove the brutal savagery which characterises the ugly business of the human degenerates who trade on the weakness of women in clinging to the ornaments of the savage, it must be understood that I am citing instances only, and by no means exhausting the subject. There is scarcely a species of wild bird whose plumage is used in millinery that is not being blotted out of existence by methods quite as hideous as those employed in the destruction of the egret and the albatross.

*(All rights reserved).*

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Everything you say and do and think has its effect on everybody around you. For example, if you feel and say loudly enough that it is an infernal shame to keep larks and other wild song-birds in cages, you will infallibly infect a number of other people with that sentiment, and in course of time these people, who feel as you do, will become so numerous that larks, thrushes, blackbirds, and linnets will no longer be caught and kept in cages. Whereas, if you merely think: "Oh! this is dreadful—quite too dreadful; but, you see, I can do nothing; therefore, consideration for myself and others demands that I shall stop my ears and hold my tongue"—then, indeed, nothing will ever be done, and larks, blackbirds, etc., will continue to be caught and prisoned.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

**MURDEROUS MILLINERY.**





# MURDEROUS MILLINERY.

By MADAM SARAH GRAND.

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The finer sense of life which comes from the sympathy with all that lives, the delight in the recognition of the happiness of other creatures.

W. J. STILLMAN.

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MY claim to the honour of addressing the reader is the claim of the looker-on. The looker-on, it is said, sees most of the game. The claim of the looker-on is a claim to advantages, which may or may not have been turned to the best account, that must depend on the ability and will of the claimant. It is no use being in a good position for seeing if you do not open your eyes ; also, it is possible to be a looker-on without seeing anything aright. It is necessary, therefore, that I should have some further qualification to offer you in order to win your confidence.

I offer you the one which I am sure will appeal to you most strongly.

My best qualification for my office of the moment consists in my abhorrence of every form of extravagance and cruelty, and my fearless determination to use such power and influence as I possess, regardless of trouble, or of any other unpleasant consequence that I may entail upon myself, to combat the evils which I trust that all here are equally agreed in detesting, and are equally determined to put a stop to.

The question I am to discuss is of threefold importance. (1.) It is of importance to mankind at large. (2.) It is of importance to women in particular, and (3.) It is of importance to the birds whom we are anxious to protect.

It's importance to mankind at large is surely obvious.

Think of the meaning, the bald dictionary definition, of the word humanity. Humanity, according to the dictionary, is "The nature peculiar to a human being; the kind feelings of man; benevolence, tenderness." It is by reason of this humanity that man claims to be "the root and crown of thing." It is less for his divinity than for his humanity, that Christ is adored.

It is by his humanity that man claims kindred with Christ. The divinity in us is made manifest by benevolence, by tenderness. Love is the food of the Spirit. And it is by inhumanity that man destroys all that is divine in himself.

It is not too much, therefore, to assert that any cruel pursuit, by being destruction of the divine—the distinguishing attribute of human nature—is a degradation to mankind.

Even a slight acquaintance with the history of the traffic in the plumage of birds must convince any right-minded person that the markets are supplied by methods which are cruel in the extreme. It follows, then, that the question of how this supply is obtained is a question of the very highest importance to mankind. By opposing cruelty we are fighting for our very existence as human beings.

And I say that it is a question of the highest importance to women in particular.

There is a foolish saying in common use, which, when things go wrong, it is customary to quote as the reason. Needless to say this saying is uncomplimentary to women. When Adam excused himself at Eve's expense he set an example to mankind which mankind follow to this day like a pack of sheep. The collective mind of man is still where Adam was in this matter of blaming the woman, with this difference, that Adam told the truth under circumstances which left him no option, but mankind blames the woman as a matter-of-course whether she deserves it or not.

The outcome of this injustice appears in the formula to which I alluded just now, *Cherchez la femme*.



Upon woman is heaped the discredit of being at the bottom of all the mischief. And it is only in our own day that women themselves have ventured to look into the matter. *Having* ventured, however, they have discovered that the collective mind of man invariably stops too soon in its investigations. Women do go down to a pretty low depth sometimes, but never to the very bottom; there is always a lower depth, and there you will find the men. Search for the cause which has determined the misconduct of a conspicuously bad woman, and you will find it somewhere in her heredity—on the male side; helped it may be, by an environment which is the automatic outcome of men's ideas as expressed in the laws, written and unwritten, which mould society—laws made for his own convenience, profit and pleasure, without regard to the feelings of the feminine half of the community.

Man boasts that he it is who originates and invents. And so it is. Let us give him his due. Man is at the bottom of all the mischief.

In this matter of the extermination of beautiful creatures the question naturally arises, how is it possible that at the height of our civilisation, of our culture, of our refinement, such cruelties as are commonly practised in order to procure much of the plumage of rare birds which gluts the market—how comes it that such cruelties are tolerated? How is it accounted for? In the usual way, of course. The invariable answer is, *Cherchez la femme*. The demand, we are asked to believe, originates in the vanity of women. Mr. Stephen Coleridge, in his recently published "*Memoirs*," says explicitly: "The Albatross is now disappearing from the world through the ruthless vanity of women."

Now, I'll engage to say that there is not a woman in the world who has ever asked for the feathers of an Albatross. Women would not miss the feathers of the Albatross if they never appeared in the shops again. There is probably not one woman in ten thousand who knows what the feathers of an Albatross are like.



It is the greed of man that is compassing the destruction of the Albatross. It is not woman but commercial men who create the demand for plumes and quills, and it is the greed of gain that keeps up the supply. Women do not form companies and send out hunters and trappers. And I am sure that it is safe to say that there is not a single article, the wearing of which we deprecate, that would ever be asked for again by women once it had disappeared from the shops.

But, it must be objected, women do wear these things. They do. But don't let us be in a hurry to say more shame to them, even if we think it.

Women in many things are the victims of their environment: they answer involuntarily to expectation, they act involuntarily upon suggestion. The expectation which controls them is always in the air, the suggestion is kept cunningly before their eyes. All that would horrify or disgust, you must remember, is carefully concealed. The appeal is to the artistic sense of women, to their love of the beautiful; and also to the inmate refinement which causes modest women to shrink from rendering themselves conspicuous by wearing things which look eccentric if they differ from the prevailing fashion of the day.

The very men who express contempt for our vanity are the first to exclaim at and ridicule a woman who does not look like everybody else.

It is not women's vanity but their long enforced submission to the will of man that is to blame. Trace fashion to its lair, and there you find the men at work preparing, for their own profit, to dictate to women what they shall wear next; men, many of them, whom women blindly obey, although they would not acknowledge them as fellow creatures if they met them at a funeral.

Following the fashion is anything but a pleasure to the majority of women; it is a heavy tax both on their time and their resources. But happily their attitude towards fashion is certainly undergoing a change. They are beginning to perceive

that their duty is not to submit but to rebel ; that to submit is, for the most part, just abject slavishness.

By which I do not deny that there are women so fashionable but that they would use the skins of babies for trimmings if distinction attached to the wearing of that kind of pelt, but these are not the sort whose example self-respecting women will follow if they know it ; and even the worst of these women have been known to experience a change of heart when the truth is brought home to them. Very few women are naturally cruel, and if the average woman sins by countenancing cruelty, she sins in ignorance. The proof of which is that, if they know it, women will not wear ornaments to which the stigma of having been obtained by cruel means is attached.

The aigrette is a case in point. Since suspicion was attached to the aigrette so many women have refused to wear it that those interested in the sale have been obliged to resort to fraud and deceit. This language is not too strong. For is it not fraudulent and deceitful to make sensitive customers believe that the plumes were gathered after the birds moulted when it is not true, or that they come from an egret farm in Venezuela which never existed, or, most monstrous invention of all, that real plumes are only cleverly manufactured imitations ?

Happily, in spite of these fictions, the aigrette remains under suspicion and women of the highest fashion are voting it "bad form" to wear it.

Women, I repeat, are not cruel, and that they should both countenance cruelty and shrink from it is one of those seeming paradoxes which confuse the mind. The sin of the vast majority of women in this respect, when it is not the sin of ignorance, is the result of inability to realise for lack of imagination. One day an old lady friend of mine, a clever but I should say not generally well-informed woman, shrieked at me to stay my hand which was coming down with a paper weight in it on a wasp. She was too late to save the wasp, and she abused me so roundly for my cruelty that at last I retorted. I reproached her with the aigrette she was wearing in her bonnet at the moment.



I found that all she knew about aigrettes was what her milliner told her, that they were costly because they were scarce. I gave her the details of how they were procured, and then and there she cut the plume out of her bonnet and burnt it.

And there are thousands and thousands of women who will do the same and thousands and thousands of humane men and beauty lovers who would applaud this act if they knew as much as we do.

You may trust women to do the right thing once they know what the right thing is. I hope to see this question become generally what this question of the enfranchisement of women now is at present in a limited sense, a burning question. I take it that one of the objects of this volume is to devise means by which the necessary knowledge can best be spread and brought home. The bringing of it home is the difficulty. The mere telling is not enough to bring anything home to the average mind, which the average mind is not interested in, and the average mind is interested in very little that does not immediately concern itself. Interest must be aroused, and the imagination must be brought into play, or the power to realise will be lacking and our efforts of no avail.

Those who have not taken part in propaganda work can have no idea how difficult it is to bring home the truth on any subject, when the truth is contrary to the interests, commercial or professional, of powerful bodies of men. These bodies will stop at nothing to save their own interests, from bare-face lying to cowardly personal attacks on the reputation of those engaged in the work.

If you find that the good repute of any man or woman known to the public is being cunningly sapped by "silent smiles of slow disparagement"; or openly attacked by blackening accusations, and would know the reason, ask what philanthropic work they are engaged upon, what good they are trying to do.

Transgressors are for ever labouring to make the way of the reformer hard.



I mention this particularly because in calling specially upon women to come out and fight the good fight I know that it will be an added inducement. Men say that there is no understanding a woman. The wise woman does not want to be too well understood; but one secret it is no longer possible to conceal. The post of danger is the post that women love best. The surest way to make a woman feel really good is to give her the means of self-sacrifice.

Years ago Cardinal Manning wrote to me: "What the world wants is women of the world to work in the world for the good of the world." Here is work for women of the world to do. There is more involved in this matter than the destruction of beautiful bird-life, great as that evil is. Submission to any hurtful or ridiculous fashion is a degrading form of enslavement; and so long as women submit to be dictated to as to what they shall wear or shall not wear, they submit to a degrading form of enslavement. There can be no thorough emancipation for women until they throw off the yoke of fashion and refuse to fall a prey to the commercial persons who, for their own profit, impose upon them the incessant nagging and extravagant charges which add so much to their worries and to the burden laid on the shoulders of the good men who have to toil to meet the expense of their keep. The millinery of the present day is murderous in more senses of the world than one. The sure foundation upon which the well-being of our great empire depends is the family. Destroy the family and you destroy the empire. No wonder that the higher thinkers of our day are alarmed when anything threatens to produce disruption in the family. Now, I ask you what is more destructive of ease and affluence in domestic life than milliners bills? During the last few years the prices asked for women's head-gear have not only been doubled and trebled; they have reached a pitch of extravagance which nobody defends except those engaged in the trade, into whose pockets the money goes.

These ingenious gentlemen are naturally on the alert to protect their own interests. They have become alarmed by the

success which is attending our efforts to open the eyes of the public to the methods by which they are enriching themselves at our expense.

The friends of the birds are endeavouring to induce the British Government to pass a Plumage Bill which will prohibit absolutely the import into the United Kingdom of the plumage of practically all birds save that of the ostrich and those of which the flesh is used as food. The friends of the trade oppose Plumage Bills. They declare that Plumage Bills are easily evaded, that the Indian Plumage Bill has been a failure and that, anyway, a measure which would not stop the continental trade in plumage would be ineffectual to save the extermination of the birds.

Various suggestions are put forward, some of them evidently with a view to public opinion, which is threatening to become dangerous to the trade. One ingenious gentleman offers a salve for sensitive consciences. He says "since egrets nest in large colonies it should be possible, with proper management, to remove the nuptial plumes from wild birds without harming them."

I suspect this gentleman of being a humourist, though, of course, the suggestion *might* be turned to account by the kind of dealer who professes to pick up the feathers of the birds when they moult, or to get them from that mythical farm in Venezuela. Farming and scientific cross-breeding are also advocated to involve new effects "so as" (I quote the exact words of the proposition) "so as to feed our trade with novelties at present unknown, and so cause the fashions to change far more often than they do at present."

I do not dwell on the utterly abhorrent idea of robbing beautiful wild birds of their charms by making barn-door fowl of them in order to sell their feathers for hats; but I do ask you specially to consider the reason given: "To cause the fashions to change far more often than they do at present."

The commercial man professes to believe that an amicable arrangement can be made which will be satisfactory both to the



trade and to the friends of the birds. He acknowledges that the birds are being slowly but surely exterminated, and in place of Plumage Bills advocates at an early date the appointment of a commission to take evidence with a view to ascertaining the extent to which the trade in the skins and feathers of birds may be carried on consistently with the maintaining of the numbers of birds killed. Let me quote the exact words in which this proposition is put forward, because they are illuminating: It is recommended that an appeal be made "to the Head of the India Office and to the Secretary of State for the Colonies and others who believe in keeping this important work in the country, especially in London—to bring about a meeting, *without* including the *ultra-humanitarians and faddists* (who have already had more than their share of attention) to hear what practical men, and those who have had long experience in the matter, have to say" and the plumage Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce confirms the view that given a *fair* hearing before an *impartial* committee, the controversy will soon end.

The truth naturally speaks for itself, but I would ask you to remember that there are other interests and larger ones to be considered than the interests of the men engaged in this particular business. There are the interests of every man with a family and a moderate income in the civilised world. We have no quarrel, I hope, with honest traders who give us honest value for our money. But what value do we get for the prices charged us for their murderous millinery? We all know the cost of that *plume fantasie* which was to do for a dozen hats, but is out of date before we have worn the hat in which we bought it a dozen times. We are simply being cheated when we allow ourselves to be inveigled into buying things at an exorbitant price which it is the intention of the dealers to put out of fashion immediately.

This question of "Murderous Millinery" is surely essentially a question for women to deal with both from the humanitarian and the economic point of view, and it is high time that we took the matter into our own hands. There is



just one way to settle the question effectually without further dispute, trouble, or expense. We can save the birds and we can save ourselves from further imposition at one and the same time by refusing to wear feathers. It is said that thousands of men both here and on the continent are engaged in this trade. Well, I do not wish to put thousands of men to any inconvenience. Let them turn their attention to ribbons.

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ANIMALS  
IN  
WAR.









NAPOLEON REBUKING HIS OFFICERS AT BASSANO:

“THERE, GENTLEMEN, THAT DOG TEACHES US A LESSON IN HUMANITY.”

*From a painting by T. J. Barker.*



# ANIMALS IN WAR

By CAPT. FREDERICK WILLIAM VON HERBERT.

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“Bear in mind that the children of life are the children of joy ; that the lower animals are only unhappy when made so by man ; that man alone, of all the creatures, has ‘found out many inventions,’ the chief of which appears to be the art of making himself miserable, and of seeing all Nature stained with that dark and hateful colour.”

W. H. HUDSON.

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THE comparison of the nation to the individual, of the body politic to the body human, is old and trite.

Nations, like individuals, are rich or poor ; have a good, indifferent, or bad reputation ; can get credit or not ; can borrow cheaply or must borrow dearly ; can pledge property and assets ; may become insolvent and bankrupt ; are choleric or apathetic, sanguine or phlegmatic, vital or comatose, as human beings are by temperament or in given conditions ; can go mad, as the French did at the end of the 18th century ; can become paralysed, as Prussia was between 1806 and 1813 ; they are young or old, rising or decadent, and betray the identical qualities which young and old individuals, the ascending and descending, display in the brute creation.

It was a German who first carried this parallel to warfare : Dr. Engel, who, between 1870 and 1890, was the Official Statistician of the General Staff of the German Army. His dictum : “war is a disease in the life of a nation” has become a classic. In other words, peace is the normal, war is a morbid, condition of the body politic. And peace, like health, like most normal conditions, is a negative quality. The healthy man does not feel his limbs, his internal organs, his body. The phrase “to feel in good health” is a paradox. The moment an individual feels his stomach, or his heart, his physical state ceases to be normal. You can “feel” health only by way of contrast, and as an effort of thought, say, after having been ill, or in the intervals of suffering.



Similarly, the sound body politic does not feel its normal condition, peace, can do so only by comparison with past experience, or by an *a posteriori* argument, in contemplating less fortunate neighbours. If the human race had evolved without the combative spirit, had so developed that internecine strife had remained unknown and inconceivable, we would not know the idea of peace, would not even have the word "peace"; for we could certainly not apprehend peace by any of the five senses which are the only channels of communication between exterior phenomena and our conception.

The parallel between war and disease can be carried farther than at first sight would appear possible. The illness of one organ affects other, even remote, organs, and by degrees the whole body, often the mind. A diseased liver, for instance, will affect the head, even the eyesight. Cancer is only one of many instances of a local disorder affecting the whole body and finally causing death. Certain diseases of the spine will affect the brain, and through it, the mind.

In the same manner does the disease called war of the body politic affect not only the organ immediately concerned, that is, the arms-bearing adult manhood, not only the other organs, that is, the non-combatant population, but every intellectual function and quality of that body: trade, industry, religion, morality, education, literature, art, science, thought, manners, public life. More than that: this violent displacement of functions and forces, habits and attributes affects, in most cases adversely, all natural conditions and phenomena of the country at war, including the Animal Kingdom.

It would almost appear as if Nature rebelled against this morbid condition. That warfare, and more especially modern warfare, and still more especially the acute stage, the battle (which may be compared to the abscess, or other external symptom, of an internal disease) affects atmospheric and meteorological conditions and produces abnormal states and phenomena, cannot be doubted by those who, like myself, have made researches on this subject, extending, in my case, in range

from the battles in Bohemia in 1866 to those in Turkey in 1912. Again, as if Nature vehemently desired to make good the loss of life in war (as she evidently desires, and often, in the lower brute-creation, succeeds in doing, to make good the loss of limb or organ caused by accident or disease), the birth-rate always rises rapidly in the five to ten years following a war. I mentioned these, and other akin phenomena, either concomitants or consequences of warfare, some of them obscure and almost inexplicable, in two papers read at the Royal United Service Institution in 1896 and 1897, thus drawing attention to an arresting, little understood, and frequently enigmatical subject; and I am pleased to find that recently again several writers in newspapers and reviews have urged a more systematic and exhaustive examination of at least one phase, namely, the morbid psychological condition of man in the abnormal state called war.

But if the psychology of man in this state is still largely unknown, that of the non-human animal world is as a sealed book. I am not aware that any writer or scientist, of any nation, has taken the trouble even to make a few inquiries and collect a few data. That the whole brute creation, from those constant companions of man, dog and cat, from those constant frequenters of his haunts, mouse, rat, sparrow, down to the beetle and the worm, is curiously affected by the abnormal social, domestic, and economic conditions of a prolonged campaign, is clear to me from my own observations (I have seen a good deal of war) and from inquiries made among those who had opportunities to observe. The balance of Nature's machinery has been upset, and the component parts perform their functions uncontrolled, irregularly, wildly, aimlessly, often destructively, as would the parts of an engine, if an important crank or pivot or wheel had snapt. In both cases the parts act without collaboration, as do the limbs of a man afflicted with locomotor ataxy.

The subject is large enough for a volume, and in the limited space of this paper I can but give a few indications. Neither



is it possible to state chapter and verse for each fact cited ; that alone would occupy treble the space at my command ; but chapter and verse I have for each case, and in no instance have I ventured on conjecture or drawn on imagination.

The most curious phenomenon which I have to record is that war affects domestic animals and wild animals in different and contrasted ways. Whereas the former display a marked tendency to shake off the yoke of man and return to the natural state of freedom, the latter betray a desire for human companionship, a lessening of the love of liberty, and often the inclination to assume voluntarily the condition of friendship and even serfdom to man.

I have an explanation for this. The ass, the dog, the cat, the ox, the sheep, the goat, used to obedience and discipline from infancy, see the taskmaster himself in the fetters of an iron discipline and seize the opportunity for shaking off their own. The faculty of observation and deduction is more pronounced in domestic animals than we give them credit for. On the other hand, the wild beast (for instance, the jackal, the hyena, the deer, the wild goat, the baboon, the owl—I am quoting my South African experience—the wolf, the fox—I am quoting my Balkan experience,—the puma—I am quoting my South American experience—the cheetah—I am quoting a friend's Indian experience), naturally dreading man, sees man subdued *en masse* to a power of which it knows nothing, which it must consider as extra-terrestrial and superhuman ; man loses his terrors in its eyes, and on approach it finds him amenable to friendly intercourse and even companionship.

It must be taken into consideration that as a rule animals do not see man in actual battle ; what they perceive of warfare is men on the march, in camp, in redoubts, in garrison, in besieged towns ; spoliation, ruin, and destruction ; the collapse of routine, the cessation of the laws of property (animals are bound to notice this), and the general loosening of bonds among the non-combatant population. The last three factors are perhaps the most potent in shaping the trend of animal conduct.



I have purposely omitted the horse from my consideration. I am not a cavalry officer and am unwilling to lay down the law with regard to the behaviour of an animal, concerning which thousands of men are more competent to speak than I am. There is scope here for an interesting study : The Psychology of the Horse in Warfare ; it is a virgin-subject, and would make, to my way of thinking, a fascinating volume, if undertaken by a trained and sympathetic observer.

In besieged towns (for instance, Plevna, 1877) and in war-devastated districts (for instance, South Africa, 1899-1902), the cat is generally the first animal to abandon domestic habits and return to freedom and the savage state. The same observation was made in Strassburg and Paris, 1870 and 1871. When they have the chance, cats become arborial, and will wander miles in search of parks or woods. This is curious, considering their ancestors have not been arborial for, say, a hundred generations. They even rear litters on trees, in the angle of main branches, a thing which I have observed thrice.

The dog is slower in abandoning the habits of a lifetime ; but he does so in the end, and with a thoroughness equal to that of a cat. He becomes then gregarious, whereas the cat always remains solitary. I have reasons to believe that the cat, indeed any member of the *felis* tribe, has a tendency to become monogamous, whereas the dog is always polygamous and often polyandrous. In the Balkan States the dog is always gregariously inclined, even in normal conditions ; but the return of the fully domesticated and anti-gregarious dog to the pre-historic state of a republic-like flock was observed in Denmark 1864, Bohemia 1866, France 1870 and 1871, and Cuba 1897. The cat becomes easily omnivorous and even vegetarian ; but I have no notes of the dog abandoning carnivorous habits ; he may even become cannibalistic (Turkey, 1908.)

It is to be noted that after their return to freedom both dog and cat become shy of human beings, often terror-stricken, and sometimes aggressive. They evidently know, but vehemently desire to avoid, former masters and other persons with whose

appearances they were familiar. Both animals offer curious exhibitions of atavism to the observer, who can reconstruct ancestral habits from present conduct.

Even the gentle draught-bullock of Turkey and Bulgaria (called buffalo by the Europeans, *manda* in Turkish, a word adopted by other South Eastern nations) has been known to get out of hand in long-continued war conditions.

Asses and mules do not easily abandon domestic habits and accept a free life only with reluctance and in the stress of grave circumstances. They never combine, as dogs, goats, and pigs do.

The domestic goat soon shakes off its fetters and becomes vicious and aggressive when brought into contact with men, whom it then seems to abhor. On the other hand, wild goats are easily tamed.

The pig is one of the last to abandon the restraint of civilized life ; but when it does so, it does it thoroughly and *con amore*, becomes extremely savage, easily takes the offensive, and is dangerous to human beings and to other animals, in particular, to the dog. I think there is no such hatred in the realm of Nature as that of the emancipated pig for its former master and its master's companion. Several cases of savage and aggressive pigs were observed by me in South Africa, 1899 to 1902. A curious case was brought to my notice in Asia Minor in 1907, during a long-continued guerilla between organised brigands and regular troops : a wild boar had become tame and fondly attached to its captor, an infantry corporal, while the domestic pigs of a destroyed hamlet had become ferocious man-killers and man-eaters.

Parasitical animals, such as the mouse, rat, swallow, sparrow, migrate long and frequently, evidently in concerted action. In the swallow, migratory by nature, this is not surprising ; but whence derive non-migratory creatures the power to combine, and to arrange and carry out a wholesale exodus ? The swallow has the sense of direction, which is absent from the intellectual stock of the sparrow ; yet sparrows will migrate *en masse*



and in a direct line, from devastated to inhabited villages, may be a hundred miles away, not tentatively, but with unerring certainty of aim. Again, rats have a strong sense of direction, but mice have not; yet mice will migrate quite as successfully as the larger rodents. In parenthesis: I observed in Sofia, in 1903, during the Macedonian Rebellion and the Bulgarian mobilization, an extraordinary and evidently concerted exodus of dogs for a destination unknown to me and others; the flock, some 400 individuals, returned *en masse* three days later. It must be observed also that in stress of war even timid creatures, like mice, hedgehogs, moles, sparrows and other birds, may become bold and aggressive. Cases have come to my notice of mice attacking wounded or sick men (rats often do so), and of sparrows, thrushes, etc., attacking hawks, kites, dogs, and cats. Even rabbits have been known to lose their timidity in war conditions. Here again, there seems to be an enormous increase of fecundity immediately after a war. This has also been observed in regard to sheep and pigs.

A curious case noted by me is that of the South East European nightingale, called bulbul in Turkish. This bird, of which I once made a special study, is gregarious, living in flocks that count from a thousand to three thousand individuals. In war it ceases to sing. Several oriental folksongs, legends, poems, and traditional stories mention this fact. That is the first stage in its descent. The next is that flocks attack each other, a thing they never do in normal conditions, when they preserve a studied neutrality. Who knows?—perhaps mimicry may play a part in this. We know very little as yet of animal mimicry, and excepting as regards the ape, the subject is hardly mentioned in studies of Animal Nature; yet the cat, for example, possesses a marked mimicry instinct.

The third stage in deterioration is that individuals of the same flock will fight violently, whereas ordinarily the bird is peaceful and gentle. The fourth and last stage is also the most curious: the birds will no longer attack fields of growing maize, but confine their foraging to woods and thickets, for berries and



fruit, and for insects, which are not a favourite food of theirs. In normal times the nightingales descend in a cloud on the maize fields, a flock to a field, hence they are the farmers' terror, and hence a saying that in war maize thrives better than in peace.

When peaceful conditions return, inter-tribal jealousies and extra-tribal battles cease, the flocks are re-formed, and the bird then becomes so prolific for a little while as to shame its ordinary performances, which are astonishing enough even in normal times.

An old Turkish love-poem, the locale of which is a destroyed village, speaks of a solitary nightingale kissing open the closed chalice of a rose. In peace-conditions a score of birds would have simultaneously descended upon that one rose!

Perhaps the most curious cases that I have to record refer to the humble creatures of the insect world. I have seen an army of cockroaches, which must have numbered a million individuals, deserting a partly devastated street and migrating, apparently according to a pre-arranged plan, in perfect order, by the shortest route available, to a quarter as yet untouched by the ravages of warfare. Wholesale wanderings of snails and earth-worms have also come to my notice. Snails and slugs were clearly prompted by the lack of food; but this cannot be said of the earthworm, which feeds on roots. I have known earthworms abandon in a body a field, for no assignable reason, unless it be that the ground-water has become contaminated. I may here record my opinion that snails and slugs are not affected by tainted water and carry typhoid and cholera infection from such to vegetables and fruit, which, if eaten raw, will convey it to human beings.

Migrations of bees, wasps, and ants are of ordinary occurrence, in war. In South Africa I tracked once for several days an enormous ant-exodus; this commenced regularly and punctually at 6 in the evening and continued till sunrise; from sunrise till 6 the insects rested and quite evidently slept, thus giving the

lie to such scientists as maintain that the ant needs no sleep. Here again I suspect that contaminated water was the source of the trouble, for there was no lack of food.

Some creatures, for instance, sheep, pigeons, the antbear and the meercat of South Africa, spiders, the Anatolian mosquito and the South African locust, the grey-ground-squirrel of European Turkey and a small fish of the same country, whose name I know not, have been observed by me, and by others, to have become affected by bellicose conditions in some extremely obscure and almost indefinable manner: there was a subtle change in habits and conduct, sometimes in appearance, one for the worse, clearly a deterioration; but to fix and fathom and explain it would have required a much longer period of observation than I and others could devote to it.

Warfare has affected even fabulous animals. A certain tribe of Turkish-speaking Greeks in the interior of Asia Minor with whom I came into contact, believe that the man-killing and blood sucking vampire makes its appearance only when the country is at war. Another version says that its appearance predicts war. Similar stories are told of the Yellow Cat (leopard) of Turkish folklore. Another tradition speaks of a vicious unicorn which is a regular by-product of warfare. Several other horrors in animal shape have been described to me, among them a bellicose and particularly unpleasant werwolf. The generally harmless bear of the Taurus and Antitaurus Mountains is popularly believed to develop a greed for human flesh when it sees soldiers on the march. There may be substrata of truth in these legends.

Strange stories are told, in the Orient of the camel and the dromedary, in France of the wolf of the Vosges and the Ardennes (extinct since 1871), by the Kaffirs of the Springbock, by the Gauchos of the half wild South American horse, by the Don Cossacks of their own horses, by the Basutos of their famous ponies, relating to the behaviour of these animals under warlike conditions. But space is inelastic and editors are



inexorable. However exaggerated by tradition, there must be foundations of truths in many scores of popular tales.

Enough has been said to prove that the general upheaval and shifting of forces in warfare affects, in a manner often obscure, the whole Animal Kingdom. There is room here for observation, study, and the collection of data. There must be many hundreds of other soldiers in the world, besides myself, who have taken notes in war conditions on this fascinating subject.

War puts back the clock of human civilization for generations, often for centuries. It does the same with regard to the Animal Kingdom. We are only just beginning to be dimly aware of the far-reaching consequences of this unnatural state. You cannot offend Nature with impunity.

For instance : In the Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, in 1897, I proved, by a score of historic examples that an increase in political crime, particularly that which takes the form of assassination of monarchs, is always a consequence of a *successful* war. Since this article was commenced, the King of Greece has been assassinated.

If war is a disease in the life of a nation, it is essentially a preventable disease. The nation that wilfully contracts it is as idiotic as the individual that wilfully contracts small-pox.

How Engel's dictum, now generally accepted, is to be reconciled to the equally accepted thesis that security means weakness, degeneration, and national gangrene, while struggle means strength, is not for me to solve in the space of a magazine article. There is room here for an exhaustive inquiry.

FREDERICK WILLIAM VON HERBERT.



WOUNDED HORSES  
IN  
WAR.



MEMORIAL AT PORT ELIZABETH TO THE HORSES  
WHO DIED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

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THIS MEMORIAL IS FORMED OF A LARGE BLOCK OF STONE  
WITH A PLATFORM ON WHICH STANDS A WEARIED  
CAVALRY HORSE DRINKING OUT OF A PAIL  
HELD ON THE KNEE OF A TROOPER.









A BRITISH CHARGER.

*(Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw).*

## WOUNDED HORSES IN WAR.

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Inadequate Veterinary Supervision and Wasteful Neglect.

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Millions of Money Wasted. A Plea for Succour.

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By SIDNEY TRIST, Editor of the *Animals' Guardian*.

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“What dull-minded sheep we must all be, how lacking in all the elements of imagination, since we are only able to learn by personal experience of grief and suffering something about the suffering and grief of others.”

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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AT the commencement of the South African War, in 1899, the late Mr. Laurence Pike, J.P., of Wareham, Dorset, initiated a movement designed to succour horses wounded in war, by providing for their merciful extinction, so that they might not linger on in agony caused by wounds, disease and starvation. The result of the initiatory efforts of Mr. Pike was the arousing of a considerable amount of public feeling on the question, which was only natural, considering what a horse-loving nation the British people mainly are. Meetings were held in London, Leeds, York, and other places, communications were established with the generals commanding in the field in South Africa, and letters were received from them saying that they were doing all that could be done, but that sometimes it was impossible to help the animals, more particularly when cavalry had to retire under heavy musketry fire.

The hourly sufferings when on the march, from fatigue, improper and scanty feeding, saddle-galls, climate, and other causes, are probably inevitable to campaigning and not always avoidable, though forethought, organisation and kindly feeling



can do something towards lessening these inflictions. But when the horse is wounded, perhaps dreadfully injured, there is no Red Cross Corps to come to his assistance, to either mercifully destroy him or to attend to his wounds. The following pages will also demonstrate the inadequacy of the veterinary service in the field. The sufferings of horses in war are indeed of a terrible nature and deserve instant consideration on our part. Here are some extracts from various publications which will sufficiently illustrate the need for action now; it ought not to be left until war is once more upon us.

In the Crimean War between Dec. 12th, 1854, and Jan. 19th, 1855, the cavalry division lost no less than 426 horses. Lord Lucan accounted for this by the fact of the horses being employed on transport duties. Really they were badly fed, most of them died of starvation, combined no doubt with the severity of the weather, fatigue and exposure. During the first six months the army was in the Crimea 2329 transport horses and mules were landed. Of these 200 were destroyed, 689 died from sickness due to exposure, fatigue and want of sufficient forage. The distance from Balaclava to the front was not more than seven or eight miles.

In a volume, "The Franco-German War, 1870-71," by Generals and other Officers who took part in the campaign, edited by Major-General J. Maurice, C.B., appeared the following description of the scene following the surrender of the Sedan by the French to the Germans in the war of 1870-71:—

"A success has been gained that was beyond all parallel; never yet had so large an army laid down its arms. On the 29th of October it left the dungeon in which it had held out so long and so steadfastly; it was received by the conquerors with respect and sent on to Germany. The sorrows and hardships they had endured were clearly seen in the forsaken camp. The buildings were mostly destroyed, the gardens and plantations swept away, fences and hedges had vanished. Of vegetation there was not a trace left.





PEACE AND WAR!

*Both these pictures are reproduced from the original paintings by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*





The starving horses had gnawed off everything, even the bark of the trees. Many of these animals were in a piteous condition between the houses and the walls, motionless, awaiting death by hunger ; half broken down, some sat on their haunches, others licked the slime at their feet, and many had sunk down in harness by the carts. The ground of the camps formed extensive swamps, in which men, horses and carts sank ankle deep. This mud had served as a bed of rest for some time to officers and men. Of straw not a trace was to be discovered. Scarcely to be distinguished from the universal grey of the soil, carcasses of horses lay in the morass. Also corpses of soldiers were found. These unfortunate men probably had died just before the surrender, and nobody had thought of burying them. It was a hell on earth that these brave defenders had quitted. Indeed, one could not but respect an enemy who, under such circumstances, had held out so long."

"I think I pity the horses more than I do the men," said one stalwart young fellow to a "DAILY NEWS" reporter in 1900 at Netley Hospital. "Poor beggars ! You see 'em all gashed and torn and reeking with blood and staggering as though they can hardly carry their riders ; but you know a man ain't going to part with his horse while the horse can carry him and he's under fire. Before he parts with his horse he wants to get out of range."

In applauding Tommy Atkins up to the sky (remarked "THE ECHO," London) the man in the street is apt to forget his dumb companion in battle. It may be mentioned that no fewer than 7,000 horses were computed up to March, 1900 (a period of four months) to have suffered death in the harnessed service of their country in South Africa.

"THE TIMES," of January, 1901, told us that 200,000 horses and ponies were furnished as remounts. How they fared the following extract will help us to understand:—

"The selection of animals for mounted work appears to have been made without reflection upon the requirements of the country, its climate, and the conditions of the service therein. Hundreds of animals have been purchased by the remount agents which have been found totally unfit for the work which they were called upon to



perform. No class of animal has come under more general condemnation than those which have been purchased in the Argentine Republic. These particular animals are wanting in quality, and have neither the conformation nor sufficient pace to make cavalry or mounted infantry troop horses. The South African-bred pony could always outpace them under every condition. Even the better class of animals supplied, English and Australian, have been very uneven. While, perhaps, 50 per cent. were serviceable animals, the balance were too light to carry 18st., and were more fitted for harness and spring-van work. The draught animals purchased for the artillery have, as a whole, been a more serviceable class than those supplied to the other arms. But it mattered little what class of animal was purchased. Deterioration set in as soon as purchase was effected. The shipment of remounts furnishes *as great a scandal as the want of veterinary organisation at the front*. Horses were crowded into ships with insufficient preparation for a long voyage. In the case of many of the batches the animals' feet were never attended to from the day they were purchased until they were delivered at the front. After landing in South Africa the animals were 'trained' up as far as possible in trucks totally unsuited for the work. When taken out of the train the horses were driven along in 'mobs' and tied in 'heaps' at night, so that many of them found their first opportunity of lying down since their shipment when issued to the troops and transferred to regimental lines. During the halt at Bloemfontein it was no uncommon sight to see bunches of remounts driven through the streets, some with sore backs, others with cut heels, all with feet grown out of all natural proportions, the majority lame, simply on account of neglect and want of attention. These animals were rested until, to use a dealer's expression, they could 'jog sound.' They were then issued to the troops and put at once into the hard work of cavalry campaigning. Later on in the campaign they were not even given a rest until their feet were 'pared,' but were issued to their units from the vert trucks. Is it to be wondered at that such treatment resulted in an early breakdown, and that when no hospital existed for the treatment of sick horses the veldt of South Africa became strewn with what represents **millions of money.**"

The following is from the "MORNING POST," of March 26th, 1900, headed "Veterinary Deficiencies":—





"ABANDONED."  
*From a painting by Adolph Schreyer, 1871.*





“ The Veterinary Surgeons are everywhere overworked (at the seat of war), and absolutely incapable of attending more than a small proportion of the cases of sickness. The result is that numbers of horses have been discarded and left to perish, though a few days' treatment might have cured them.”

The American authorities were more alive to the necessities. The following are the terms of a General Order issued by Maj.-Gen. A. Miles, U.S. Army in 1900 :—

“ With a view to avoid extreme suffering among wounded horses or mules on the field of battle, it is hereby ordered that a veterinary surgeon or some other person detailed by the commanding officer will accompany troops in an engagement, whose duty it will be to put an end to the agonies of all horses or mules that, in his judgment, are suffering to a degree requiring such action on his part.”

Mrs. Clara Barton, President of the American National Red Cross, wrote from Key West, Florida, in 1900 :—

“ I have often said, as I am sure would be recalled by the friends who have heard me speak, that among the shocking and heartrending scenes of the battle-field *the screams of the wounded horses lingered more painfully in my ears, if possible, than the moans of the wounded men.*

“ I think you are right in the statement that the veterinary surgeon in Germany is commissioned to follow the army and put an end to the agonies of the poor wounded animals, which from their great animal vitality and strength will live long to suffer. They die slow and hard if left to themselves, and *I myself have seen the vultures hovering and tearing at them while life yet remained.*”

A military correspondent of one of the papers connected with the Remount Department of the Army Service sent home some heart-rending particulars of the sufferings endured by the horses during the war in South Africa. He said the army rations for the horses were “ none too lavish,” but of the horses which survived the terrible ordeal of forced marches over scores of miles for many weary hours, on reduced rations or none at all, he gave the following account :—

“ I will attempt no vividly drawn picture. But had you seen

those bags of bones looming through the twilight, on their way to the morning feed, it would have startled you no less than it did me—and would have brought before you, more than any sight not actually in the fighting line could have done, the horrors of war. I take it for granted that you have sympathies for the horse as well as for man. The less decrepit among this awful band of skeletons has been back from the front about a month, the worst cases about a fortnight—representing, with others I was yet to see, in great part the remnant of General French's good cavalry charger, with which he forced his way to Kimberley. How those ragged frameworks still supported life, even on the improved diet of their present quarters, was in itself a marvel. Yet most of them moved forward, some even blithely, to their food—squeezing their gaunt projecting hips into the crush along the feeding-trough, some few still bore signs of wounds scarce healed. Their detrainment at Picquetberg-road must have been

#### A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Several were dead in the train. Eight died at the station ; a few more on their way to the farm ; while on most days afterwards one or more would succumb from sheer weakness. If it be true that the convoy of 120 wagons captured by the Boers on Riet river contained the forage intended for the cavalry force, and that for upwards of fifty hours afterwards the horses of the force had to continue their march without any nourishment whatever, no wonder they fell down to die by the roadside in hundreds, or that this great deed of the relief of Kimberley was costly to a degree that makes one shudder for very pity for the poor animals that had to be sacrificed. It was the same at the next farm, and at the third. I care not to call up the remembrance of those angular, almost transparent, frames and tottering limbs. Of the whole 600 only four could be found against whose hoof-numbers one could write ' fit for service.' Of the others, not half are likely ever to do service again for her Majesty. The remainder, it is pleasing to know, are revelling amid streams of cold water, in wide if not very luxuriant pasture, and twice a day come to the troughs for what the Americans term ' a good square meal.' For my humble part, I should venture to consider the meal both better and squarer if its component parts were more suited to digestive organs already



enfeebled by starvation. Wheat, 8lb., and straw-chaff unlimited (as per contract), are hardly calculated to coax back flesh and stamina exhausted by prolonged fatigue and hunger. But this point, I have reason to believe, has been duly represented in the proper quarter, and is likely to be remedied. For—it is satisfactory to add—out of about 150 similar cases arriving at Stellenbosh Camp a month or five weeks ago, and there fed freely upon linseed, bran, and oats, more than forty have already returned to the front in tolerable working condition. I now quit this rather sad subject.”

Mr. Julian Ralph wrote at the same time (1900) in the “Daily Mail” as follows:—

“ ‘Even the blooming butterflies are the colour of khaki,’ as Tommy Atkins remarked when he saw his first swarm of locusts.

“ There is an exception to the rule, as was proved by the next living thing I saw. It was a secretary bird a yard in height, as heavy as a big turkey—a stately bird holding himself proudly and stalking along with noble strides as he glanced about him for a breakfast of snakes. He was black and white. Partridges and many snipe-like birds fluttered out of our road, and, presently, I saw ahead of me a swarm of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud as if they had been moths. As I drew nearer I noticed that the bulk of each one’s body was very great. On the ground—where there were two more waddling about—they seemed even larger. We marked the outer edge of the great and horrid field of carnage. Many dead horses lay on the veldt, and these birds were eating some and perching on the backs of others.

“ Foul nauseous, ugly beastly birds are these. They were to be my constant companions for three days. I was to see hundreds upon hundreds of them, and never once, by day, fail to see them. Yet there were not enough of them to make away with all the food that war had given them. Toward the end of the ride the ghoulish birds thinned out but the dead horses and oxen multiplied.

“ I am told that a British officer who would not take a pin for his own use will steal like an Albanian to feed a hungry horse—and all our horses have been hungry of late, and many a gentleman has looted forage. It must be, then, that our officers feel as I do about this slaughter of horses in this war. Between battles a dozen deadly forms of disease seize them, and they have to be flung



aside, and left to die in the dust. And in battle their legs are snapped off, their bodies torn, and their heads are shattered—and there is nothing to do but to leave them to the aasvogels, as the vultures are called. There is no time in battle to shoot them.

“ Let the anti-cruelty people at home rave as they may, there are other things to think of besides humanity in the heat of great battles. *The writer does not comprehend our position. We have asked, as a minimum, that the horses injured shall be mercifully killed AFTER the battle.—Ed., Animals' Guardian.* ] “ But of all the pitiful, heart-rending sights I have ever seen, none had compared to this view of hundreds upon hundreds of dead and dying horses on this 100 miles of war's promenade. The poor beasts had done no man any harm—in fact, each one had been a man's reliance—and to see them shattered by shell and then ripped open by vultures, often before they were dead, was enough to snap the tenderest chords in one's breast. They had not deserved and they could not understand their horrible ill-luck. For some reason, hundreds had dragged themselves to the main road, and then had died either in the track of the wagons or by its side.

“ But the worst horror was to come when I approached close upon the last battlefield only twenty-four hours after the fight at Driefontein. On this field not nearly all the horses were yet dead. On the contrary, as I came up beside the prostrate body of a beautiful steed it would slowly and painfully lift its head and turn upon me a pair of the most pleading woe-stricken eyes, full of a hunger to know what I could do for it. And all I could do was to drive on, for I had no firearms—even for my own protection, deep in an enemy's country, where we had put no single armed man to guard the route of our supplies and reinforcements.

“ My companion used to turn and look back at these dying horses, only to find that they were still straining their sad eyes after the cart. Then he would say ‘ He is looking at us yet. Oh, it makes me ill. Look ! he is staring at us like a guilty conscience. What can we do ? I wish we did not see such things.’

“ For my part, I would not look behind. Heaven knows, it was bad enough to see ahead where horses stumbled and fell from weakness while the horrible aasvogels swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh. Oxen, too, were lying everywhere,

with straight, stiff legs silhouetted against the veldt. They looked like the toy animals that children make out of round potatoes with wooden matches for legs."

Investigations into the actual state of affairs in South Africa revealed a reckless waste of animal life and disregard of sufferings quite unimaginable. Mr. Charles E. Hands, a correspondent of the "Daily Mail," after the occupation of Bloemfontein, travelled back to Kimberley. On the 2nd of March, 1900, after describing the dead oxen and horses on the road, he goes on to say :

"More pathetic than the sight of the dead horses was the sight of the living ones. There were horses that had been hit, horses that had been broken down with overwork and underfeeding, horses with hideous saddle-sores hidden by clustering mounds of flies, horses abandoned for every conceivable defect ; some horses for whom death had loosened their riders' control, big English horses, unshod Boer ponies, most of them with hip bones that projected so far as to suggest dislocation ; and all along by the side of the river where they found grazing and water, they were wandering about helpless, forlorn, abandoned creatures, who looked at you dubiously, as though they feared you were bringing them more of glorious warfare ; and then, seeing you pass, turn listlessly away, and, hanging down their heads, went on with their dejected grazing. Every Kaffir kraal had a dozen horses round it. Every Kaffir you met was mounted on some sort of a horse. Horses were cheap along the Modder River."

Mr. A. G. Hales, an Australian, one of the war correspondents of the "Daily News" (London), in his romance based on the South African War, "DRISCOLL: KING OF SCOUTS," utilised facts which came within his own knowledge. He showed plainly that even in the ordinary every-day life of campaigning great sufferings are inflicted upon the horses, who are a necessary part of the equipment of any force. He described a Boer Scout, for instance, and these are the words he uses :—

"He did not seem to hurry himself; yet he never loitered by the way. He was too good a plainsman to knock his horse to pieces by galloping wildly. He just held his horse together, and covered the



ground easily but rapidly, easing the game little animal over the rough and broken ground, stretching out a bit when the rolling veldt lay like a race track in front of him, moving steadily but always strongly. At dusk his horse was beaten and staggered when it stumbled, but he rode on. His grey eyes set steadily in front of him, his hand like a vice on the bridle, his spur red with hard riding."

The last few words convey a world of meaning, and one's imagination suggests at once what untold misery and suffering has been inflicted upon horses alone in all the wars waged since the world began.

That it is still necessary to decide our differences by fighting and destroying each other's property seems to be the general opinion of the world, but whether we have *the right* in any circumstances to inflict the awful sufferings on harmless creatures is a very serious question which does not receive enough consideration.

The War Correspondent of another London newspaper has written :—

"Do not look at the horses as you go to the front. They rarely unsaddle even a cavalry horse, but if you see one with bare back, it is invariably covered with festering sores six inches square. The Turks have no notion of horsemanship.

"Both the horses pulling the heavy artillery pieces through all sorts of impossible places, beaten, clubbed, cursed, and those dying, lacerated, dismembered, by the bursting shells, as well as the wretched survivors, ruined by the desperate service, call for infinite pity."

Mr. Laurence Pike, in his "NINETEENTH CENTURY" Article, in 1900, put forward the following suggestions for reform :—

"An Army Veterinary Reserve should be formed to expand the peace establishment, when necessary, in time of war.

"All this is something that can be done without reference to other countries or amendment of the terms of the Geneva Convention.

"The Geneva Convention is an agreement concluded at an



International Conference of the Great Powers held at Geneva in 1864. In 1868 a second Conference, summoned by the Swiss Federal Government, was held. At this a supplementary Convention was drawn up. This supplementary Convention, although never yet ratified by the various Governments, was by agreement adopted provisionally by France and Germany in their war of 1870.

“The Geneva Convention relates exclusively to the relief of human suffering. Amongst other things, it enables soldiers lying wounded between opposing forces, and after engagements have been fought, to be attended to by surgeons and ambulance corps. This same protection, so afforded to persons succouring wounded men, is required for persons engaged in putting an end to the sufferings of badly-wounded animals in like situations.

“The first step to be taken with a view to making the necessary additions to the Geneva Convention is to induce the Swiss Federal Government to invite another Conference. If our own Government would let it be known that it is ready to respond favourably to such an invitation, it would go far to promote its being issued.

“The Swiss Government has for some years had under its consideration schemes for the improvement of the Convention of 1864. The abortive Hague Conference of 1899 placed upon record in its Final Act, its wish that ‘steps may shortly be taken for the assembly of a special Conference, having for its object the revision of the Geneva Convention.’ Experience of its working in the South African war makes it advisable that a revision should be undertaken. The supplementary Convention of 1868 still awaits revision and ratification. The time, therefore, appears ripe for the summoning of another Conference at which the claims to consideration of the animals wounded in warfare could be dealt with.

“One of the chief military objections to the prompt destruction of badly wounded animals is that shots fired in the rear of advancing troops are apt to produce panic fright; and, further, that shooting could not be allowed on ground between opposing forces after engagements, and while wounded men were being attended to.

“Under proper veterinary supervision, however, and by a staff of trained assistants, it is quite possible to destroy animals without having recourse to shooting.

“To summarise :

“(1) The Army Veterinary Department should be reorganised and put on the same footing as all the other departments in the Army, such as the Medical, School, Pay and Ordnance Departments.

“(2) The extension of the protection of the terms of the Geneva Convention should be obtained for those who care for wounded animals.

“(3) This protection having been obtained by international agreement, or temporarily for a campaign by agreement between commanders-in-chief of opposing forces, all badly wounded animals should be destroyed by the Veterinary Staff without avoidable delay.

“There are many members of both Houses of Parliament, of all shades of politics, who are interested in these questions. If they would take united action something might be done to induce our Government to act.”

Since the South African War, it is asserted, very considerable improvements have been made in the care of horses in the military service. In 1903 the establishment was put upon a more satisfactory footing. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men are attached to the different military districts where their services are most required. A full veterinary equipment is provided for first aid, together with properly constituted hospitals. Included in the equipment are humane killers, so that any badly injured horse may be speedily and mercifully relieved of its suffering. Regulations adapted both to peace conditions, manœuvres, and to active service, are laid down, providing a vast improvement, both for the transport of horses to the front, and for their treatment and relief in sickness, or in cases of injury. It is understood that the military authorities have everything in hand to make this service as efficient and as thorough as possible.

We can only hope that this statement is not too roseate; but we should prefer to know, in round numbers, what the extent is of the additions to the Army Veterinary Staff, which was so hopelessly inadequate in the South African War. Not only wounded, but sick, horses need treatment.

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“OUR ANIMALS,” of San Francisco, published the following in its January (1913) issue:—



“Through the efforts of the Humane Societies in America all the soldiers in the American cavalry are instructed to shoot their horses at once if the animals become wounded in battle and are of no further use.”

When the war in the Balkans broke out in the autumn of 1912 the R.S.P.C.A., the Humanitarian League, and *The Animals' Guardian* all brought this matter forward, and pressed it upon the attention of the responsible authorities. Arrangements were even made from England for sending out a Red Cross detachment to succour the horses wounded in the Balkan war. But we were informed at the War Office that this could not be done seeing that the persons engaged in the work would not be under the protection of the Red Cross.

The Hungarian branch of the World League for the Protection of Animals published in November, 1912, an appeal to the Sultan of Turkey and the Kings of Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro and Servia, pointing out that while the Red Cross succours and protects the wounded soldiers on battle-fields, there is no such provision for the wounded horses, who lie groaning with crushed limbs, torn bodies and other frightful wounds, or run about till they drop and die of hunger and thirst, and urging that the merciful provisions of the Geneva Convention be speedily extended to the horses.

The appeal was headed by a Red Cross and some touching lines by the late Swabian poet, Carl Gerok, entitled: “The Horses of Gravelotte.” It was printed in Hungarian on one side and in German on the other, and signed by the President, Privy Councillor von Lukacs.

At the time of the South African War the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was advised by the Secretary of State for War to direct its efforts towards the establishment of some international convention which would extend to those who care for wounded animals the same protection the Geneva Convention provides in the case of men, and in consequence of this the late Mr. John Colam (the then Secretary), personally saw the President of the Swiss Republic





who would visit the battlefield to relieve or put an end to the sufferings of wounded horses and other animals employed in warfare, respectfully requests the British Government to invite the other Powers so to widen the terms of the Geneva Convention as to protect the veterinary surgeon, the horse ambulance and such voluntary aid societies as may be duly recognised and authorised by the Governments."

Further terrible facts and quotations were given on the subject of the treatment of horses during war time by Mr. H. Bailie Weaver, who seconded the resolution, which was adopted.

The following letter was subsequently addressed to Sir Edward Grey (British Foreign Minister) by the Committee of the Humanitarian League :—

"We desire to express our earnest hope that his Majesty's Government will give favourable consideration to a resolution unanimously passed at the recent National Peace Congress to the effect that the merciful provisions of the Geneva Convention should be extended to wounded horses and other animals employed in warfare, and that protection should be accorded to the veterinary surgeon and such voluntary aid societies as may be duly authorised to visit the battlefield.

"We trust that this resolution will have the sanction of the Government, and that the British delegates will be instructed to give it their support at the meeting of the Third Hague Conference in 1914."

A reply, dated July 11th, 1912, was received from Sir Edward Grey, stating that "the resolution will be borne in mind by the British delegates at the next Peace Conference."

It now rests with the public to see that something is done for our equine friends and helpers who bear their full share of the tribulations and sufferings entailed by war on mankind.

# WOUNDED HORSES IN WAR.



Gentle and brave amid the ranks he rode,  
And felt the steed beneath him proud and true ;  
Gentle and brave the steed beneath him strode,  
And felt " My master's hand will guide me through."

And hour on hour, through dying and through dead,  
And lashed by rain from heaven, and hail from hell,  
From morn to eve, unscathed alike, they sped,  
But, at the close of day, the charger fell.

He saw the shattered limb, the heaving breast,  
And eyes entreating aid he could not lend,  
With kiss on kiss the velvet nozzle pressed,  
And longed, yet loathed, its agony to end.

And heedless for a while how trumpet blared,  
Or round him roared and flashed the fiery zone,  
He, who all day the battle's worst had dared,  
Now dared not brave the bivouac alone.

Then in one sob a fond farewell he spoke,  
The loaded death with hand reluctant drew.  
O ! dear dumb friends ! So patient of our yoke !  
There's many a heart, ye know not, aches for you.

JAMES RHOADES.

*(From the London " Daily News.")*



THE  
DOCKING  
OF  
HORSES.



# Cartoons Lampooning Old-Time Veterinary Surgery

PUBLISHED IN 1792.



1ST LECTURE  
Upon the improved mode of Cropping.



2ND LECTURE  
Upon the newly approved method of Casting and Firing.





# THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

By J. SUTCLIFFE HURNDALL, M.R.C.V.S.

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“The awful wrongs and sufferings forced upon the innocent, helpless, faithful animal race, form the blackest chapter in the whole world’s history.”—PROF. FREEMAN (the Historian).

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THE fact that the promoters of this Congress\* attach sufficient importance to the subject of this paper to give it a place in their ample programme furnishes distinct evidence of its importance from a public standpoint, and it is to be hoped that, as a result of a careful discussion of the subject, public opinion may be convinced of its importance and be aroused to necessary action accordingly.

In the opinion of many persons, the docking of a horse’s tail is considered a gross act of cruelty which ought to be legally suppressed; while in that of others, and they a very large class numerically, it is deemed an absolute necessity. It therefore devolves upon any one who attempts to deal with the subject in an unbiassed and effective manner to boldly face both extremes of opinion, examine carefully the claims advanced by either side, and then draw conclusions therefrom in order to determine whether definite steps should be adopted to prevent the continuance of this practice, or it should be allowed to go on without interruption or interference. It may be asked why the subject should be brought into question at all; the practice is one that has been in vogue for a long period of time, it is one that has been considered necessary by practical horsemen and horse-breeders, and recognised by some judges at horse shows as a feature in a horse’s leading characteristics upon which they place consider-

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\* Read at the Animals’ Healtheries and Utilities’ Conference and Exhibition, Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, April 23rd, 1913.

able importance when determining the award of merit. They are facts, and to many persons they furnish sufficient reason for non-interference with so old-established a practice; indeed, by some it is considered an altogether unwarrantable impertinence for men and women, who do not claim to possess any intimate acquaintance with the management of horses, to seek to intermeddle with the practice of those who made them the study of their lives. But in these democratic days such old-fashioned ideas are exploded, and hence the reason why the subject of docking horses' tails is considered by the promoters of this influential Congress to merit a place in its deliberations.

As the title of this paper indicates, the subject under consideration is the amputation of a portion of an organ of the horse's body, provided by Nature with a specific object. It will probably serve a useful purpose if we examine in the first place the anatomy of the organ and the particular tissues involved in its formation; these latter include bones, muscles, fibro-cartilage, blood-vessels and nerves. The bones forming the tail or coccyx consist of vertebræ from twelve to eighteen in number, being a continuation of the spinal column, which varies in its development so as to allow of the diverse movements of the body. According to the situation, the action of the respective vertebræ is mobile or restricted, while some parts of the column form a solid fixed point. In the tail, however, the mobility of these bones in their relation with one another is more marked than in any other portion of the column, rendering the organ capable of variety of movement. As the caudal termination is approached the vertebræ become smaller and somewhat degenerate in conformation by reason of the fact that they are easily deprived of the long processes at their extremities. Moreover, the mobility of the tail is materially enhanced by the provision of convex surfaces to the end of each coccygeal bone, instead of the cup and ball articulation provided in the principal vertebræ of the spinal column. This point is extremely interesting and worthy of special notice when considering the physiology of the horse's tail.





### 3RD LECTURE

Upon the most novel, safe and sure method of Popping a Horse-ball.



### 4TH LECTURE

Philosophical remarks upon the nature and effects of Amputation.





Around the coccygeal vertebræ, which go to form the stem upon which the other tissues are built, there are four pairs of muscles arranged longitudinally so as to form a sheath for the column. Each pair of muscles has its own special function. The pair on the superior or upper aspect of the coccyx when acting together serve to raise or elevate the tail; if one only of these muscles acts it serves to turn the tail to one side. Another pair of muscles situated underneath the coccyx is much thicker and stouter than the preceding pair; the action is to pull the tail downwards, or, when one only acts, to one side. While a third pair is placed on either side of the coccyx, and from its position is intended to turn the tail to either side. Each of these muscles is attached by a small tendon to the respective coccygeal vertebræ, and are together enveloped in a strong fibrous sheath of considerable thickness, which enables them by its support to perform their respective physiological functions. The principal blood-vessels of the tail, which traverse the whole length of the coccyx, pass between the vertebræ and the thick depressor muscles, gradually diminishing in volume and throwing off a number of smaller branches to supply the respective muscles and the vertebral bodies; but at the usual seat of amputation the lumen of the principal vessels is sufficiently large to render the arrest of hæmorrhage a somewhat serious undertaking. The coccygeal nerves comprise some six or seven pairs. They arise from two main trunks which pass between the depressor muscles and the lateral coccygeal muscles, from which are thrown off superior and inferior branches which become variously expended over the muscles and integuments of the tail. This, of course renders the coccyx a highly sensitive organ to external influences. So much for the anatomy of the organ, a crude and imperfect description I freely admit, but one which will, I hope, serve the purpose I have in view, viz., to explain what is involved in the operation of amputating any portion of a horse's tail.

I propose now to consider the physiology of the tail—what it is provided for and what are its chief functions. The tail



supplies a suitable finish to an otherwise beautiful piece of workmanship on the part of the great Creator. The tail furnishes a horse with the power of balancing himself. I admit freely that this characteristic does not appear to the human eye in so marked a degree in the horse as it does in a dog, especially the greyhound. If you have ever watched a greyhound coursing a hare, and note the swish of the tail first one way and then the other, as the dog wrenches and turns the hare, you will readily appreciate the power the tail exercises in enabling the dog to carry out these evolutions successfully; and if this is so with the dog, there is no doubt the same conditions in a modified form affect the horse. But probably the most valuable function of the tail to the horse is found in the means it affords of protection against the attacks of flies and stinging insects, especially during the heat of Summer. To see a horse that possesses only the rudiments of a tail some eight or ten inches long, and, maybe, making futile efforts with a wretched little stump that can only wag fiercely from side to side, to drive off innumerable tormenting insects, each one armed with a proboscis capable of penetrating the skin, is enough to arouse pity in the most obtuse mind, and there is little doubt that the means of protection which the tail affords against the attacks of the various insects furnishes distinct proof that the tail has a specific function to perform, without which the horse is placed at a great disadvantage. Lastly, a horse that has had its tail docked is lacking that beautiful finish to the bodily contour which is so observable in a well-kept and gracefully carried tail. In other words, the tail gives character to the animal; and without it something seems to be wanting. The horse with a tail as Nature provided it is beautifully balanced in his general conformation, but without it, as is the case with hackney horses, the animal looks top-heavy.

I will now try to examine some of the chief reasons advanced by those who uphold the practice of docking. It is stated that the horse with a natural tail is a source of danger by reason of the great risk there is of getting the reins under the dock when

being driven in harness, and, as a consequence, the chance of frightening the animal into kicking or running away, or both. Then it is the opinion of many, especially those who are breeders and exhibitors of Hackney horses, that a docked tail shows off the muscular portion of the hind-quarters of the horse, and in the opinion of such it adds to the beauty of the animal from an anatomical standpoint.

Reasons for docking are also advanced in the supposed interest of the men or women owners who ride their horses that a long tail, which means a natural tail, is apt to be the immediate cause of the rider being smothered in dirt, although I believe hunting people are not now so much afraid of being bespattered with mud from this cause as they used to be ; moreover the Hunters' Improvement Society does not encourage docking. Polo players are credited with advocating docking of their ponies because there is a risk, when making some particular stroke, of getting the stick caught by the tail and so preventing the completion of the stroke.

These, I believe, are the chief reasons advanced in favor of docking. I shall therefore now endeavour to compare the respective advocacies and draw conclusions therefrom. But before proceeding to do that I may describe the operation itself as performed in the ordinary course of practice and the method I adopted when I undertook to operate. Having determined how much of the coccyx is to be taken off, the careful operator finds the situation of the articulation so as to avoid cutting through the bone ; this being determined, the hair all around the joint is cut off close to the integument to about the width of half an inch ; the hair of the tail above that part is thrown back and tied together so as to keep it out of the way as much as possible ; then with a piece of tape or thick, but soft, cord the dock is bound tightly round to act as a ligature, and so prevent hæmorrhage from the large arteries after the amputation is completed. The dock is then placed in the bed of the guillotine, the blade of which having been rendered aseptic and sufficiently keen of edge, with quick



sharp pressure on the handles the amputation is effected rapidly and almost instantaneously. There are plenty of men who will tell you that it is a painless operation, because the nerves of sensation are paralysed from the pressure of the cord already described. With that opinion I am obliged to differ, for although I have invariably been most careful to bind the tape or cord as tightly as possible, I never operated on a horse who did not, on the application of the guillotine, suddenly plunge forward, convincing me that the pain of the operation was pretty sharp.

Allowing, however, that when skilfully performed with an instrument in perfect condition the pain of cutting through the tissues is only momentary, the worse has still to come. To arrest the hæmorrhage that must ensue if something is not done to prevent it from such a large surface of wounded tissues, the ordinary practice is to apply the actual cautery in order that the blood vessels, large and small, may be closed. If this method is adopted the cauterising iron should be heated to a dull redness only, otherwise the tissues are scorched and burnt, the healing process unnecessarily prolonged, and, of course, the subsequent pain is intensified. For my own part I have never used the actual cautery, but I have invariably relied upon a drug that possesses hæmostatic action and which promotes the healing of the tissues by first intention. I applied a thick pledget of cotton wool soaked in the tincture of calendula, which is easily kept in apposition to the wounded surface by letting down the long hair of the stump, and binding it in place with that. Immediately this is done, I gradually released the ligature a little at a time, for the first twenty-four hours, after which it was dispensed with, and nothing further was required, as the healing process proceeded rapidly, the cotton-wool and the dry scab fell off without any interference in a comparatively short time. I submit that if it were really necessary to amputate a portion of the tail, this treatment is much more humane than the cauterising process, and in every respect a more refined surgical procedure. Moreover, it serves as a preventive against possible lock-jaw.

In drawing conclusions from what has preceded this, I



must ask to be allowed to state that the opinions I have arrived at are based upon the practical experience of a life time and that by no means a short one ; I desire to avoid any appearance of boasting, but I claim to be a thoroughly practical horseman both in the saddle and on the driving box, and that any opinions I advance are founded upon practice in all departments of horsemanship. I am not going to theorise nor to propound any ideas which have their foundation in mere sentiment, so I will proceed to deal with the reasons advanced by the advocates of docking, so far as I have heard them stated.

First.—Is there any special reason why a horse with a longer natural tail should be more likely to get the driving reins under his tail than if he was docked ; and, if this did actually take place, would the rein be held tighter by the natural tail than by the docked one, and hence would it be more difficult to release it ? My experience leads me to conclude that unless a driver wilfully and carelessly allows a sufficient slackness of the reins to dangle to an almost incredible degree the very length of the hair of the tail would render it well nigh impossible for the reins to get caught under it, while, on the other hand, the short dock and trimmed tail present a very tempting trap for a moderately slack rein, and once the rein is gripped thereby, it is no easy job to release it, for although the natural dock has been mutilated, the contractile powers of the thick muscles are apparently intensified, and the grip of the stumpy dock is much more powerful, and, at all events, is exercised with more force than is the case in the undocked organ. And, after all, what are we to say of any one who professes to take upon himself or herself the responsibility of driving, who is sufficiently careless to let the reins be slack enough to get under a horse's tail, whether docked or undocked ? I am no advocate for such a tight rein that the horse's mouth is gagged, but it is quite possible just to have such a light, at the same time firm, touch of the horse's mouth, that while there is no slackness of rein the hold may be so gentle that the movement of only a finger may indicate to the horse the driver's intention or wish. Of course I am assuming that the

horse is properly broken and that his mouth is what we term a light one. With so-called pullers there is no fear of the reins becoming slack ; hence there is no need to make special provision for such a contingency.

I, therefore, submit that if the advocates of docking cannot furnish a better reason for the practice than the reins' difficulty they must resign the claim, for, as a fact, if my reasoning is correct, the argument is more against them than for them ; but under any circumstances there does not appear any real justification in adopting a practice that involves considerable immediate pain, followed by no little after-suffering, merely to enable unqualified persons to undertake that for which they have not the necessary knowledge and experience, and who are entirely lacking in that sympathy which ought to exist between a driver and his horse, if the latter is to have a chance of doing his work comfortably and satisfactorily.

I will next deal with the inconvenience experienced by some horsemen, arising from their becoming excessively bespattered with mud from the switching of a longish tail in the hunting field, or under like circumstances. I do not pretend for one moment to assert that this objection is not without some justification, but I submit the difficulty may, in a considerable degree, be modified by cutting the hair square with the end of the dock, and so rendering that part of the tail which is mainly responsible for splashing ineffective. This, I am of opinion, would meet the difficulty so far as the rider is concerned, though it would deprive the horse of a portion of his means of defence against his enemies the insects. At the same time, I am glad to know that the Hunters' Improvement Society does not encourage docking, as, according to its regulations, all young hunting stock has to appear at the Spring Show undocked ; and although that does not prove that influential hunting-men are, as a rule, opposed to docking, it is likely to produce an influence in the direction of humanitarianism, for which those who disapprove of docking must be thankful.

I will now take up the Polo Player's reason for



advocating the docking of ponies used in this game. I have never taken part in polo and know no more of the technical details of the game than can be gained from watching the play, but I have a relative who is a recognised expert at the game, and to him I applied for information on this technical point. He stated that there were occasions when the tail of a pony might interfere with the proper completion of a stroke. At the same time, I gleaned from his letter that there were means available by which this difficulty could be obviated, and that without resorting to docking. From my own point of view, I think that there are two methods that might be adopted : either cut the hair of the tail square with the end of the coccyx, or plait the hair and tie it up. Probably the latter plan would be considered unsightly, and would be strongly opposed on that ground. I have the satisfaction, however, of learning from so well-known a player as the gentleman referred to that, in his opinion, docking is not really necessary for the satisfactory performance of Polo.

So far, the points I have dealt with apply to what I should call the physical aspect of the case. I will now turn to that which has particular reference to the horse's general appearance. There is no manner of doubt that in certain breeds of horses, such for instance as Hackneys, the shortening of the tail produces on the hind-quarters a greater appearance of fulness and rotundity, but in my opinion the muscular development of the quarters is thereby greatly exaggerated. Moreover, the absence of the tail in its natural state leaves an impression on the mind that something is wanting, and the animal lacks the balance which the natural tail provides. This is specially the case with Hackneys, which, as a class, carry their heads very high, thus making the absence of a balance at the other end more apparent, while the splendid knee and hock action of this particular breed helps to intensify the want of completion to the animals' otherwise beautiful contour. In the case of Hunters, Barouche Horses and Draught Horses, the general body development and growth of



which is longer and heavier than the Hackney type, the deprivation of a portion of the tail has, what I should term, an absolutely ridiculous effect, and it is to me very difficult to understand how any man with an eye to beauty can bring himself to adopt a practice that deprives a magnificent animal of any portion of so important and useful an organ as the tail. Those advocates of docking who claim that it adds to the general appearance of the animal, in my judgment hold very peculiar ideas of beauty, and with such it is, of course, a matter of opinion, but furnishes no justification for the adoption of a practice that involves considerable pain and suffering merely because it has become a recognised fashion.

I am very glad to learn that a well-known Member of Parliament has introduced a Bill to render the docking of a horse a subject for legal penalties, and it is to be hoped that with the necessary provisions for the performance of the operation, where surgical requirements render it necessary, the Bill will be passed. Among those who are opposed to docking there are men who seem inclined to justify the performance of the operation under certain special conditions, such for instance as those calculated to render a horse more saleable. With this I cannot concur, as the introduction of such a provision would entirely defeat the object of those who wish to see cruelty suppressed. Again, there are those who would rely upon anæsthesia, either local or general, to render the operation more bearable. But the idea of rendering an animal the subject of general anæsthesia for such an operation would not be entertained as at all practicable, both by reason of the responsibility attaching to such a procedure and its expense. In my opinion the production of local anæsthesia is by no means so easy an operation as some seem to think, bearing in mind the density of the tissues of the tail and the bulk of the said tissues at the ordinary site of operation. The mere superficial application of an anæsthetic would only act upon the integument of the tail, the powerful muscles would be uninfluenced by such an application, and the only way to

produce complete anæsthesia of tissues, so as to prevent the animal from experiencing pain from the cutting, would be to inject at various points with a syringe sufficient of the anæsthetic as would be necessary to deaden feeling, a proceeding that would be attended with considerable difficulty, as the needle of the syringe would have to be inserted a sufficient depth into the dense muscular tissue, and that at several points. I have already given it as my opinion that the ligaturing of the tail prior to operation does not sufficiently deaden the feeling to prevent the animal experiencing considerable pain during the immediate cutting operation. Hence, if it is to be carried out painlessly something more than the ligature is required.

The only conclusion that one can arrive at is, that the operation, short of general anæsthesia, cannot be performed without causing considerable pain and often inconvenience, and it is therefore impossible even to qualify its justification on these grounds, as general anæsthesia is quite out of the question. After the cutting operation is completed the application of an anæsthetic to the exposed tissues, in order to render possible the use of the actual cautery to arrest hæmorrhage, is quite unnecessary, as the principle I have adopted of applying Calendula to the seat of operation obviates that with very much better after results. The cases of so-called troublesome mares do not warrant the adoption of docking. It is not the tail that is responsible for their demeanour, and the removal of a certain portion of that organ would not render such mares more easily manageable. An operation for such is undoubtedly necessary, viz., ovariectomy, which, while rendering them useless for reproducing their kind, qualifies them for driving in harness without risk or danger either to themselves or their owners.

What are the cases that justify the amputation of any portion of the coccyx? According to my personal judgment they should be confined to malformation, disease and injury, and neither of these conditions is of frequent occurrence. If the arguments and deductions herein advanced are correct, or even only approximately so, it would appear

that the practice of docking, depending as it does exclusively on fashion, has nothing to justify it, and seeing the amount of cruelty which is perpetrated by men who have no knowledge of anatomy or surgery, but who, with all the brazen effrontery, born of ignorance and self-confidence, take upon themselves the performance of an operation that calls for the greatest care of the experienced Veterinary Surgeon, it is time that the influence of public opinion was brought to bear in the matter and that our Legislators made the practice a penal one.

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SLAUGHTER-HOUSE  
CRUELITIES.

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THE JEWISH METHOD.









GEORGIC.

Reproduced from the original painting by V. ABELOOS, of Bridge, Canterbury. Originally exhibited at the Brussels Salon, 1908, and at the recent Animal Healtheries' Exhibition, Caxton Hall, Westminster, London.

# SLAUGHTER-HOUSE CRUELITIES.

By CHARLES W. FORWARD.

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“Private slaughterhouses in a large town are nothing but an anachronism, and are always liable to lead to infection of food, cruelty to animals, and in many cases to the sale of diseased or unwholesome meat.”—THE LANCET.

“You have just dined ; and however scrupulously the slaughterhouse is concealed in the graceful distance of miles, there is complicity.”—R. W. EMERSON.

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THE material progress of mankind during the past hundred years has been the theme of many a writer, and there are few trades which have not been influenced thereby. One, however, appears to have escaped the general levelling up—that of butchering, which is carried on at the present day under conditions that could scarcely have been more barbarous at any period of history.

The butcher's shop, with its rows of carcasses, or ruddy array of “joints,” is the only side of the picture that most people see, or care to see, and even this, in itself, is none too agreeable a sight for sensitive folk. This, however, is but one aspect of a peculiarly unpleasant subject, so unpleasant, indeed, that the impulse of most people is to shirk further investigation.

A drover or butcher's boy is seen driving a dozen sheep or a few oxen along a suburban street. They are followed by a small crowd of children, and their destination is usually somewhere in the rear of a butcher's shop. Here, upon what was once a small garden or backyard, a more or less ramshackle building has been erected, and within a space of a few square feet the whole process of converting oxen into “beef” and sheep into “mutton” is carried out. Access to this building is often difficult, and with each fresh batch of affrighted animals that reaches the entrance there is the usual scene of kicks and blows,



tail-twistings and ear-wrenchings, to overcome the natural terror which the scent of blood and the unaccustomed surroundings give rise to.

The floor-level is, in some cases, lower than the roadway, and it is necessary to push the animals down one or more steps into the slaughter-house. I have seen slaughter-houses in London where no back entrance exists, the only access being through the butcher's shop and along a narrow passage by the side of a sitting-room which opened into the shop, and into which terrified sheep would sometimes run. The passage was so narrow that a bullock got wedged between the two walls on one occasion, and was only extricated and got into the slaughter-house after a great deal of pushing and beating.

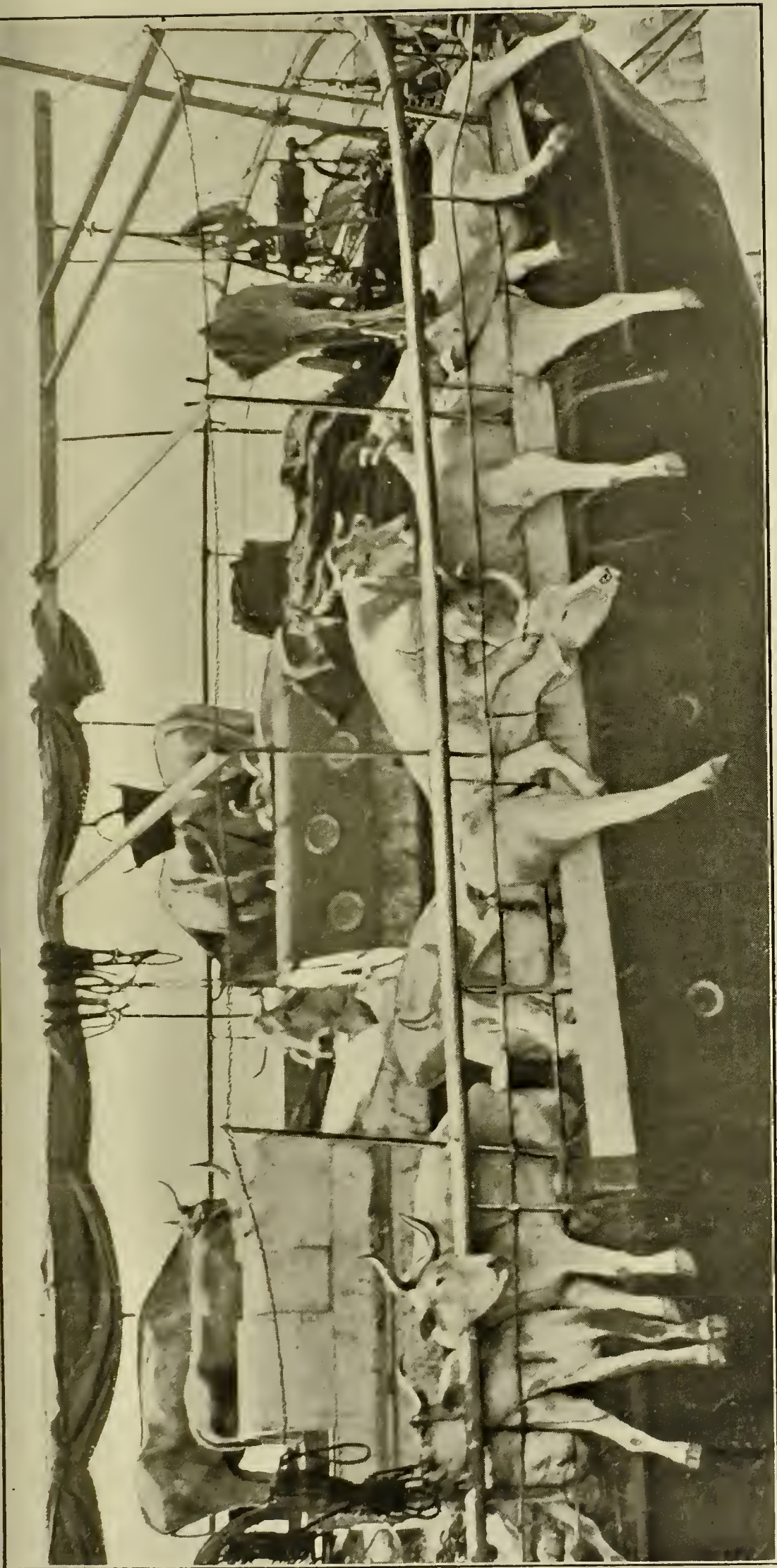
Once inside, the victims cannot fail to be conscious of their impending doom. Yet here they remain not only for hours but, in some cases, for days, before being slaughtered; and it is not unusual to hear the bleating of a lamb, or the lowing of a calf, as one passes a private slaughter-house in a London suburb on Sunday, the unfortunate animals being compelled to remain in contiguity to the actual place of slaughter.

Moreover, there exists a prejudice against giving food to animals intended for slaughter, and the practice of "pinning," or, more properly speaking, starving them, is an added infliction which causes acute and prolonged suffering.

The restricted space in the ordinary private slaughter-house makes it impossible to arrange for a "lairage" or pen separate from the actual place of killing, and in most instances the animals are slaughtered, skinned, dressed, and partially cut up in full sight of others waiting their turn to be killed. Nearly every suburb in London possesses at least one establishment of this kind, and hitherto all efforts to abolish such a hideous anachronism in a civilised age, or to substitute properly-appointed abattoirs, have been futile.

Vested interests on the one hand, and public apathy or, possibly, actual aversion from such an unpleasant subject, have





OVER-SEAS LIVE CATTLE TRADE. THE DECK OF THE ITALIAN CATTLE-BOAT "AVVENIRE" AFTER A STORM. This picture on this page was taken at Malta in March, 1913, on the arrival of the cattle-boat "Avvenire," bound for Tripoli from Naples with a cargo of live animals. The ship put into Malta in distress, having encountered terrible weather on her voyage. Over 200 head of cattle perished.

*(Photo by Stephen Cutt).*





enabled the private slaughter-house, with its disgusting odours, its dangers to public health, and its revolting cruelties to continue. Public opinion should be the more ready to support any movement having for its object the reform of the slaughter-house, inasmuch as this country is far behind its Continental neighbours in this respect.

Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and many other centres could be named, with which London and other English towns could not be compared otherwise than disadvantageously in regard to the slaughter of animals for food. Anyone who has seen the abattoirs in Dresden or Munich, and, on returning to England, visited the Deptford abattoirs or the slaughter-houses under the same authority—the Corporation of the City of London—at Aldgate, will receive a rude shock if he harbours any illusions as to the supremacy of England in humaneness or hygiene.

Long study of the evils arising from the present system has led the present writer to the conclusion that the reform of the slaughter-house should proceed along the following lines :

To prevent unnecessary suffering to the animals arising out of transport by sea or land it is desirable to erect abattoirs either—

(a) At the point of debarkation, as in the case of Deptford and Birkenhead, where foreign cattle are shipped to this country ; \*

(b) At some suitable railway centre within easy reach of the grazing districts, so that cattle and sheep can be easily conveyed thereto, and from which the meat can be distributed to the various centres of population.

The “lairs” or accommodation for the animals prior to their slaughter should be apart from the actual abattoir. A separate building should be erected parallel to the slaughtering

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\* It would save much suffering if the over-sea transit of live cattle were altogether abolished, the slaughter being carried out under proper supervision near the grazing areas and the carcasses brought to England in refrigerating chambers.



chamber, but with a well-paved roadway between, open to the air, doors opening from the one building facing those of the other in such a manner that the animals can be expeditiously led from the lairs to the abattoir.

The cattle should be masked—as is done in some Continental abattoirs—before being led into the killing chamber, and, where the “Baxter” mask or some similar device is used, the animal is scarcely conscious of danger before receiving the *coup de grace*.

But whether the slaughtering be effected by a humane instrument such as the “Baxter,” the “Greener,” etc., or by the pole-axe, it should never be entrusted to any but expert men whose hands have been made sure by constant practice. Shocking cruelties occur in private slaughter-houses as a result of the killing being entrusted to men who, at the best, only combine slaughtering with multifarious other duties. A local butcher, who slaughters a batch of animals once or twice a week, has, of necessity to secure an all-round assistant who can combine driving a cart and delivering “meat,” serving in the shop, and slaughtering when occasion requires. A usual form of advertisement is the following, taken from the “Meat Trades’ Journal” (October 26, 1911) :—

“WANTED, a smart young man as Butcher. Shop, slaughter-house and rounds, etc.”

The sufferings undergone by sheep or oxen whilst being done to death by a man or youth lacking in the requisite experience can scarcely be imagined, but the following case, as described by an eye-witness, will afford some idea of what sometimes takes place even when a “qualified” man is engaged.—

I was on duty in the slaughter-houses at —— in company with officers —— when I noticed a red roan cow being brought out for slaughter. It had a rope tied round its neck, and was being led to a ring in the wall, to which it was tightly tied up so that it could be killed without much pain. I stood and watched the butcher, who came forward with a pole-axe, giving the cow a hit in the neck at

the back of the horns near to the muscles of the neck. The animal at once jumped forward, but could not get away owing to the rope being made fast to the ring. He then gave it another hit, burying the long steel spike into its head at the back of the horns so deep that he had to go close up to its head and shake the axe to and fro to loosen it from the bone of the head. After he got the axe out he gave it another blow, so hard that it knocked part of its horns into the cow's brains or head. From the time that the cow was first struck till it dropped two minutes had passed, and on the animal falling he again gave it another blow in front of the head. This blow seemed to put it to death. He then got a long thin cane to stir up the brain to make sure that it was dead.

I then spoke to the butcher regarding the cow's death, and asked him if he was a qualified butcher. He replied, "Yes." I asked him if he often took four blows to bring a cow down. He replied, "No," and said at the same time the cow shifted its head at each blow. . . .

Cases are on record in which the pole-axe has struck the unfortunate victim in the eye, and I have myself witnessed instances where, owing to the thickness of the frontal bone, and a lack of skill on the part of the butcher, the pole-axe failed to pierce the skull, and a second or third blow was necessary.

The difficulty in connection with the pole-axe as an instrument of slaughter is the natural tendency for a bullock to flinch on catching sight of it as it descends, with the result that, even in the hands of a skilful man, it may miss the intended spot. Such risk is practically non-existent where a mask is used or the animal blindfolded. Appliances may be had in which a special form of pistol is placed against the forehead of the ox, the cartridge being exploded by a blow with a small mallet or by a trigger worked by a lever running the full length of the handle and enabling the slaughterman to stand at a safe distance. The introduction of these methods into existing slaughter-houses is in itself a most desirable reform, as the class of men usually employed lack the skill that can only be gained by constant practice.



The slaughter of sheep and lambs is often protracted by an unskilful man failing to sever the spinal cord when thrusting the knife through the back of the throat, the animals in this case slowly bleeding to death, and in some cases being partially skinned while in a conscious state.

Only skilled men of proved capacity should be allowed to undertake actual slaughtering, and such men could be kept systematically employed under proper supervision at a public abattoir.

The men employed in a slaughterhouse, or at least in the actual process of killing, work under conditions of a depressing and demoralising character, and their hours of labour should be clearly defined and kept to a minimum. The late Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, in his book "The Field of Disease," declared :—

Butchers, like dock labourers, are much exposed to the influence of wet, damp, the variations of temperature, and other similar inconveniences. The slaughterhouses in which they carry on their occupation are cold, draughty, damp. The floor is usually of brick, and during the operations of the trade is persistently sluiced with water. The business of slaughtering is most depressing to mind and body. I have seen the strongest-built men in the prime of life painfully affected by it, and I have never met with one who could be said to have become perfectly inured to it. They all get rapidly weary of their work, and the work, independently of the slaughtering process, is fatiguing to an extreme degree. Every step in dressing an animal is carried out with great rapidity, so that the operator is made very hot from the work; while, at the same time he is using water freely, and is in constant contact with the moist tissues of the dead animal. A man placed under these favourable conditions for the development of cold and rheumatism can scarcely escape, and, in point of fact, very few do escape. I am not far wrong in saying that no butcher can be found in our large towns who, after eight or ten years daily work at the slaughterhouse is free from the effects of bronchitis, rheumatism or heart disease—heart disease being the most prevailing malady of the class. The mortality of the butcher is, as a necessity, far above the average: 111 butchers die to a mean of 100 of those who follow 69 other occupations.



Speaking of London slaughtermen as a class, Mr. Charles Booth, the well-known authority and writer on social problems, says :—"The simplest and grossest forms of physical indulgence are all they ask from life. . . . Altogether, there seems to be a quite exceptional amount of low-toned life, and the relations between the sexes are at their roughest."

Some further idea of the character and efficiency of the men engaged in slaughtering may be obtained from the report of the Admiralty Committee, in which it is stated that they are "made up of all kinds of people" (Q. 505); that they may be "any odd-and-end kind of men who can be picked up to do it" (Q. 523); that "any man can become a butcher now, and if he has been in the slaughter-house a few days he thinks he is a butcher" (Q. 923); that "they are frequently untrained men" (Q. 526); that "they are not always sober when they are slaughtering" (Q. 1281); that "a man is often 'full of beer' when engaged at his work" (Q. 1306); and that the novices cause "gross cruelty, not wilfully inflicted, but simply from ignorance" (Q. 1260).

The floor and walls of a slaughter-house should be made of some hard, impermeable substance which can be kept scrupulously clean, and the drainage should be so arranged that blood and other fluids run away freely. I have never seen a private slaughter-house answering to these requirements. They are frequently paved with brick or flagstones, and, where concrete is used, it is badly laid and cracked in many places. The antiquated establishments at Aldgate, under the control of the City Corporation, have low roofs, and uneven floors upon which blood collects in puddles. At Deptford the floors are in a deplorable condition, and on the occasion of a visit I made in 1911, I found it difficult to avoid getting ankle-deep in blood, while so circumscribed was the space that it was scarcely possible to stand in the slaughter-house without incommoding the men at their work. \*

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\* Neither Deptford nor Aldgate can be considered as other than "private" slaughter-houses, as they are leased to individuals who run them

It should be an inviolable rule that animals awaiting slaughter should not be tethered or kept in a position from which they can see other animals being killed, or where they are likely to be excited or frightened by the smell or sight of blood. As already stated this principle is flagrantly ignored at most private slaughter-houses, and at the Deptford abattoirs I have seen rows of trembling oxen standing at the open door of the slaughter-house, terrified witnesses of the slaughter of those preceding them, the warm blood of these latter trickling out under the feet of those waiting their turn to be killed. Herbivorous animals are peculiarly sensitive to the smell of blood, and one can scarcely conceive a more barbarous form of cruelty than to subject them to a long-drawn apprehension of their impending doom.

#### THE JEWISH SYSTEM.

One method of slaughtering, however, deserves special mention and emphatic condemnation, and it is to be hoped that before long public opinion will be sufficiently aroused to require its being forbidden in all countries claiming to be civilised. This barbarous system, a survival of times when humanity to man or animal was scarcely recognised, is condemned without hesitation by butchers themselves, and apparently has no other *raison d'être* than its Aaronic origin and the fact that a particular class of men, the Shochetim, have a direct personal interest in its continuance.

The Jews, as is well known, object to the use of butchers' meat from which the blood has not been drained in the process of killing, and their objection might surely be met without increasing the sufferings of their victims.

When some years ago I directed the attention of the Shechita Board to the continual cruelties inflicted upon the oxen killed by the Shochetim, and pointed out that these cruelties might be scheduled under three heads :—

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with the one idea of pecuniary profit to themselves. The feature of a municipal abattoir should be the entire control by the public authority, which should make itself responsible for the selection of officials and employees, and undertake the whole process of slaughtering at a fixed scale of charges.



(1) The "casting." This is the technical name for what is often a protracted and painful operation, consisting in throwing the bullock to the ground and straining its head into a position for the knife of the shochet. The animals are thrown by knocking, kicking or pulling their legs from under them, a process which causes them much terror, and, although the floor is usually slippery with the blood of a recently slaughtered beast, they sometimes maintain a desperate struggle for some minutes, and finally fall heavily to the ground.

(2) Their legs being secured, the head is strained into a position in which the stretched throat can be easily cut, and in order to get the head into such a position many brutal expedients are resorted to. A very usual method is to place a small loop of chain round the lower jaw, inserting an iron lever and twisting the head over by sheer force. One hears the iron chain crunching upon the teeth of the animal as this is done. A more diabolically simple method of compelling the unfortunate beast to turn its head into an uncomfortable position is for one of the men to push his finger well down between the eyeball and the lower eyelid, and pull the head in the required direction.

(3) The final stage in the operation is the cutting of the animal's throat by the Jewish butcher. For some unexplained reason this functionary is not ready to do his part of the work directly the victim is in position, but has to be summoned, and in the interval the unhappy bullock lies in a particularly painful position, and is excited by the unaccustomed restraint and the smell of blood. I have seen this occur at Aldgate when the shochet was calmly smoking a cigar in the street and had to be sent for, and at Deptford recently (1911) I observed that the shochet only came from the rear of the slaughter-house in response to the repeated calls of the men who had "cast" a bullock.

The late Chief Rabbi used to speak of the animals being "let down gently with ropes," and when a deputation from the Humanitarian League met the Shechita Board, there was at



first an inclination to throw all the blame for the barbarities of the Jewish method on the cruel Gentile slaughtermen. Wiser counsels prevailing, however, the Board agreed that it must take entire responsibility. It was also agreed that the suffering of the animals ought not to be prolonged by the absence of the shochet or "cutter," but as no improvement appears to have taken place—though some years have elapsed—one can only conclude that the Shechita Board, whatever its supposed functions may be, exercises very little control over the slaughtering.

Reference has been made to "rubber floors," a device intended to break the force of the fall when the animal is thrown to the ground, but I have never seen anything softer than stone flooring at Deptford, Aldgate or elsewhere.

My friend, Mr. Reinhardt, speaking entirely from his observation of the facts, declares Jewish slaughtering to be "slow, painful and, in fact, atrocious," and he further states that on touching the eye of one of these poor beasts after not less than two minutes' struggling, there were clear evidences of sensibility, as demonstrated by the rapid blinking of the eyelid and a futile attempt to withdraw the head. Dr. Reinhardt has made personal enquiries of the superintendents of some of the chief slaughter-houses in various parts of the country, and has not found a single one who did not agree that the Jewish method was a cruel one, involving in some cases five minutes or more of acute suffering between the cutting of the throat and the death of the animal.

I have myself noticed, especially in cold weather, a tendency for the blood to clot in the severed blood vessels, thus obstructing the outflow and prolonging the sufferings of the animal.

The Jewish method is peculiarly revolting, and justifies to some extent the sneer of the supporters of vivisection that the cruelties of butchering equal those of the physiological laboratory. However it may be bolstered up by custom, or excused as a religious ordinance, it constitutes such a gross outrage upon the humane feelings of the community as to render its suppression expedient.

It is a little ironical that one or two writers with no practical knowledge of the subject, have, on the strength of information given them by those interested in the maintenance of the present system, actually extolled the *greater humaneness* of Jewish methods of killing.

It appears to be a vulgar error to suppose that the revolting methods of the Jewish butchers are inseparably associated with religious rites, with which any reform of a humane character would conflict, for "Rabbiner" Dr. Wiener, in his work on the subject, points out that nowhere in the Jewish Scriptures is anything stated as to any special regulation as to slaughtering in general or for use as food, and he appears to hold that such rules as are laid down apply only to the killing of animals for sacrificial purposes. Dr. Reinhardt has received a number of letters from Jews, including one Rabbi, deploring the survival of the ancient Jewish custom, and stating that a large and growing section of the Jewish community recognise the cruelty of this method of slaughtering, and are advocating its abolition.

Moreover, recent investigations go to show that it is a vulgar error to suppose that *less* blood is left in the blood-vessels and muscles when slaughtered in the Jewish fashion. Dr. Goltz made careful experiments which led him to state that the difference was too slight to be appreciable. Dr. Josef Kallner, of Merchingen, Baden, carefully tested the results of killing eight head of cattle by shooting, and eight by the painful Jewish method.

One thousand grammes of meat of the animals killed by the <i>Jewish method</i> contained,	
of blood of the blood-vessels ... ..	4·74 grammes.

One thousand grammes of meat of the <i>shot</i> animals, when the bleeding was over, contained of blood of the blood-vessels ...	3·94 grammes.
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Excess of blood in Jewish-killed meat per 1,000 grammes ... ..	·80 grammes.
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Should the Jewish authorities, therefore, continue to ignore

the feelings of the community, and harden their hearts against the introduction of any reform, it is to be hoped that this country will adopt similar measures to those which have been found necessary in some Continental States, and introduce such legislative measures as will make a continuance of such barbarities impossible. Such legislation might suitably have followed the report of the Admiralty Committee on humane slaughtering of animals, but it was probably hoped that the good sense of the Jewish authorities would long before this have led to the abandonment of this brutal method.

In the words of the Report, "considerations of humanity must be regarded as paramount, and no unnecessary suffering could be condoned on the ground that it was incidental to the observance of any religious custom."

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HUMANE  
SLAUGHTERING  
IN  
PRACTICE.

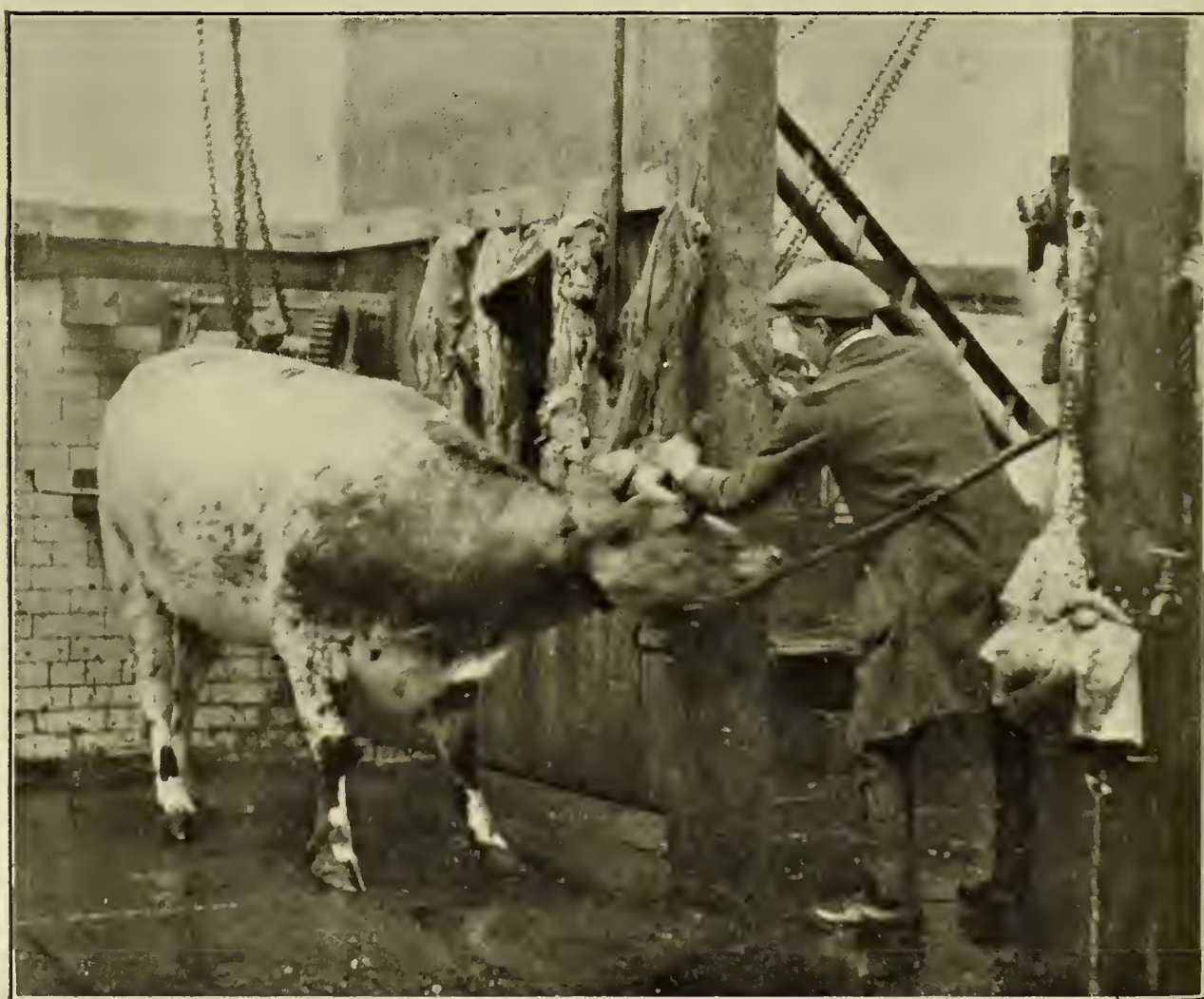








SLAUGHTERING WITH THE AXE.  
*(Photo by John H. Parker).*



SLAUGHTERING WITH THE PATENT PISTOL.  
*(From a Photo by John H. Parker).*

# HUMANE SLAUGHTERING IN PRACTICE.

BY R. O. P. PADDISON.

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Heaven's King  
Keeps register of everything ;  
And nothing may we do in vain,  
E'en beasts must be with justice slain.

ANDREW MARVEL,

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THE methods employed in slaughtering animals in this country are discreditable to the nation, and not up to its record. We have always up to now been the pioneers of all humanitarian movements that have had for their object the relief of the most miserable and oppressed of suffering creatures, whether human or animal. England was the first to start a movement for protecting animals from cruelty, and since then it has spread all over the civilised world, hundreds of societies being now in existence for a similar purpose.

But in the matter of slaughtering animals for human food we are far behind other civilised European peoples, who have very largely adopted humane methods, some of them entirely, whilst our modes of slaughtering are the same now as they were twenty years ago, when painless methods were unknown. Nearly all over Europe there are large public abattoirs in which the butchers are compelled to do their slaughtering humanely, under strict rules and efficient supervision. In England the private slaughter-house system prevails nearly everywhere, nor is it compulsory for butchers to use the public slaughter-houses where such exist, and in all of them, whether public or private, they are left free to slaughter in their own way, unfettered by legislation or officials. The system of slaughter which prevails throughout this country is, briefly, *the pole-axe for large cattle and the knife for the rest*. As another contributor to "THE UNDER DOG" describes these methods in detail I will say nothing about them



here except to point to the fact that the methods themselves are cruel, that they produce an enormous amount of suffering, no matter how humane and considerate individual butchers or slaughtermen may be. Thus the root of the evil does not lie with the men who earn a living by providing meat for those who want to eat it, but with his legalised system of cruelty which dooms many millions of helpless creatures annually to intense and needless sufferings. The responsibility for the system is National, and it behoves every one, whether he is a butcher or not, whether he is a meat eater or a vegetarian, to give a helping hand towards ridding his country of its cruel methods of slaughter and substituting humane ones in their place.

What are known as "humane methods" are those which confer the boon of a painless death on the animals which have to be slaughtered. The brain is pierced by a bullet or a bolt or otherwise destroyed so as to cause immediate and complete insensibility before the knife is used at all. An essential principle of the humane methods is that the stunning shall be as infallible as possible. The pole axe would be humane if it acted infallibly, but everyone knows that this is far from being the case, and that failure to hit the small space aimed at, or not to hit it with sufficient force, causes terrible suffering. It is often supposed that anyone can soon learn to stun one of the smaller animals with a hammer or a club, but this is a great mistake, and unskilled attempts at stunning cause as much suffering as bad pole-axing. In Germany no one is allowed to stun an animal until he has had five years' training and has passed an examination entitling him to a certificate as "Meister." But of recent years inventors have produced instruments for stunning animals which leave nothing to skill or to chance. There is no taking aim with the possibility of a miss, no dexterous use of the knife is necessary to shorten suffering, nor is there risk of only partial or temporary stunning, as occurs so frequently when a hammer or a club is used. The muzzle of the instrument is simply placed on the head over the brain, the striker is moved into action, and the bullet or bolt at once



renders the animal permanently unconscious. I have several times stood by and watched successful stunning by young and inexperienced hands after only an hour's instruction in the use of the instrument and a little practice on dead material. The R.S.P.C.A. recommend their big killer and the captive bolt pistol as the instruments best adapted to general use. But there are others which might be more suitable under certain conditions. In the hands of a careful man accustomed to firearms, the "Greener" is a serviceable instrument for all animals, large and small, as Messrs. Greener now manufacture cartridges in many varying grades of strength, adaptable to any animal, from a bull to a lamb, and they all fit the same bore. Mr. Cash's spring bolt pistol and Mr. Ransom's air killer probably have big futures, but they have not yet stood the test of experience. Then there is the large captive bolt pistol of the R.S.P.C.A. and the Behr pistol of the Council of Justice to Animals. Both these instruments are about the same size and similar in general design and working, though differing in small details; they can both be used on large animals or small ones with cartridges of varying strength. In the instruments I have enumerated there is plenty of choice to suit all requirements. The proper use of them is readily acquired by any steady man of average intelligence who is accustomed to handle animals, but all of them, and especially the captive bolt pistol, need great care when first being used, and until the right habits have been acquired, so as to avoid any risk of needlessly injuring the animals.

The Committee of the Meat Traders' Federations have published two official letters in the "Daily Mail" during the last few months, in both of which they support the opinion that the stunning of sheep "would rather increase than alleviate their suffering." In and near Stroud there are fifteen butchers who regularly stun their sheep. They chiefly use the captive bolt pistol, but the Greener and the spring bolt pistol are also employed. I can testify from personal experience (as I have constantly visited their slaughter houses and have habitually employed the *cornea* test to ascertain insensibility) that

the sheep which are killed by these fifteen butchers do not suffer even a pang when being slaughtered. It seems clear that what can be accomplished by the local butchers and slaughtermen in one little corner of England can be done all over the country. One of the most curious features connected with the humane slaughtering movement is the determined opposition it receives from the body I have mentioned. One hesitates to assume that this opposition is due to ignorance, yet what else can have prompted the ridiculous belief of its Committee as to the stunning of sheep? As a matter of fact the humane methods act with complete success on every animal, nor do they disorganise the work of a slaughter house in the least. There is no animal that is more troublesome to handle than a pig, yet in spite of the fact that the work of killing operations at the Bacon factories is done at great speed, I have watched men who had only lately learnt the use of the humane instruments stunning the pigs in large establishments without a hitch and without any delay to the work in other departments.

The adoption of humane methods would not be practicable if they injured the butcher's interests by spoiling the meat. There is abundant evidence to show that this is not the case. Careful investigation was made into the subject in Germany when humane methods were first being tried, and it was ascertained conclusively that whether an animal was bled without previous stunning or was stunned before being bled it made no difference in the result. I have personally interviewed Abattoir directors in Germany and Holland as well as butchers whose animals were killed at the Abattoirs and they all told me that humane methods were no prejudice to the butcher. In our own Navy Victualling Yards all the animals have been stunned before being bled during the last eight years. This would not have been done if the meat were spoilt. Mr. C. Cash, of Coventry, employs a man to stun by humane methods butchers' animals in the district, giving in every case a guarantee to compensate the owner of the animal for any injury to the meat. No claim has ever been made and the butchers have no objection whatever to letting Mr. Cash



continue to employ the humane instruments on their animals, which he does on a large scale. Then there is the evidence of the Stroud and district butchers, who have had eighteen months' experience of the humane methods on *all* their animals. Neither they nor their customers have any cause of complaint whatever and I have testimonials of satisfaction from all the former.

Legislation may or may not make painless killing compulsory. Attempts have been made and will continue to be made to get Bills passed towards this end, but these efforts have so far been unavailing, and it is very unlikely that if the tangle of trade interests and political considerations is broken through any really efficient legislation will emerge from it. But the prospects of enforcing any such legislation are remoter still. In order to do so one of two alternatives would have to be adopted. Either the Abattoir system would be introduced or existing slaughter-houses would have to be under thorough and constant supervision. The Abattoir system would be opposed by a large body of the public on financial grounds as well as by the butchers' associations, and would therefore take many years to be established, if it ever found a footing at all, which is unlikely. The other alternative, viz., the efficient supervision of innumerable private slaughtering places all over the kingdom would need a large army of officials, who would have to be humane, incorruptible and conscientious, and therefore well paid. In view of these considerations it is pretty obvious that any remedy by legislation is only a remote possibility, and meanwhile this enormous amount of cruelty will continue to flourish without any intermission and without hope of relief unless the public takes the matter into its own hands.

But why should the public not do so? It rests entirely with all of us who eat meat to settle whether or not this meat is to be procured through the sufferings of helpless animals. We have only to say to our butchers, "We want meat from painlessly killed animals," and we would get it. Butchers are obliging men, and ready to please their customers when they can. They are also astute men of business, fully realizing



that if there is any preference for humanely procured meat, it is in their own interests to supply it. But it cannot be expected that men who through long habit have become inured to particular ways of killing animals are likely to alter them unless the public they cater for shows some desire that they should do so. It is for the public to ask for humane slaughtered meat if it wants it. It is as easy to ask for that as to ask for anything else, and it is quite easy to supply it.

As a matter of fact nearly everyone can help this reform very materially, without expense and with very little trouble. Those who buy largely can exercise a tremendous power for good if they wish, but the cottager who can only afford his little bit may wield an influence of which he probably has no conception by putting in a word or two for the animals that provide his food. Even those who buy nothing, but whose hearts are with the helpless and suffering animals, may do their share towards moulding public opinion, which is the dominating influence in modern England. If general efforts like these were put forth and maintained, cruel slaughtering would soon be a thing of the past, and the slaughter houses would be shorn of their horrors and evil influences.

But, it may be urged, "How can any one know that a butcher who professes to slaughter humanely actually does so?" There is a simple way of settling this doubt. Almost invariably butchers who adopt humane slaughtering methods are very glad to let members of the public witness them, often placing notices in their shop windows on which is written "inspection invited." Let the exhibiting of such notices be encouraged. Let it be arranged that officials of the local S.P.C.A. and other persons shall occasionally look in at slaughter houses during slaughtering hours. There would be no difficulty in making such arrangements, nor would those who proposed watching the operations find there was anything repulsive about them. On the contrary, it is a relief to anyone who has at heart the diminution of cruelty to see for himself that the animals which are slaughtered for human food can be made to slip out of existence painlessly and unconsciously.

THE TORTURE  
OF  
TRAINED  
ANIMALS.





# THE TORTURE OF TRAINED ANIMALS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

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Animals are as truly the absolute possession of God as man himself, and man has no right to them beyond the legitimate use for which God lends them to him. It is a glorious prerogative of man that he should be able, in his own small sphere of influence, to imitate and copy the gentleness of the Saviour, and gentleness has for its object not man merely, but all feeling beings that God, the All-Father, has entrusted to our care.

FATHER ST. JOHN.

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**D**URING the past few years the public has developed a marked liking for the performances of trained animals. In consequence of the interest displayed the managers of variety theatres all over Europe have made the performing animal "turn" a feature of their programme. From cumbersome elephant down to dainty canary, all eligible birds and beasts have been called upon to contribute to the amusement of pleasure-seekers. Lions, tigers, bears, wolves, dogs, cats, and monkeys are trained for the stage or circus, and audiences watching the gentle public methods of the showmen go away with a positive conviction that the skill exhibited has been developed by kindness, and that superior instinct has made the performance possible. To throw a little light upon the subject and expose some of the brutalities practised upon the great majority of these unhappy animals this article is written.

The demand for trained animals has led to the establishment of houses on the Continent where they are broken in and trained. With the horrors that take place there we have nothing to do; the average foreigner has no soft place in his heart for brute creation. In Southern France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy sights that would make an Englishman ill pass unnoticed, and outside Europe humanity is a thing unknown. Consequently it is sufficient to say that the majority

of the performing animals are trained abroad. To the training establishment comes some man or woman who wishes to purchase a troupe. It may be a broken-down acrobat or circus rider, desirous of earning a living by the labour of others, or a demi-mondaine from Paris or Vienna lacking an opportunity of publicity. Whoever comes may buy; if the purchase consist of monkeys or elephants, the purchaser is warned not to be too barbarous, for these particular animals quickly succumb to ill-treatment; if they are dogs or bears—well, it does not much matter how they are treated. The purchaser is advised to have about a couple of rehearsals in each week, and with these and proper management the animals will earn a good living for their proprietor.

For the most part foreigners are the purchasers of animal troupes, and the majority of them are idle, vicious and cruel. They come before the footlights smiling and bowing, now and again caressing their victims, but woe to the one that makes a mistake! Stripes and starvation are the mildest forms of punishment; mutilation is not unheard of. Look carefully at the proprietor of the dogs that leap all round him in an agony of excitement and terror, which you, my good Sir, or kind Madam, mistake for joy and friskiness; look carefully and you will see him hit or kick the nearest animal ever so slyly, you will see him raise his whip to indicate what is to happen when the performance is over, you will see his cruel eyes sparkling with anger while the showman's chronic smile never leaves his face. I have seen so much of this hypocrisy while gathering the facts for this article and have noted so many suggestions of torture and fear, that I can no longer watch a performance of trained animals, and look forward to the possibility of their being discouraged, or at least, properly superintended.

It must not be imagined that owners ill-treat their victims on the stage. Our London stage-managers, though I could not name a sentimentalist among them, will not permit such a thing. It is in the wretched, ill-ventilated underground





These Original Illustrations are used by the kind permission of the Editor of the "Illustrated London News," and of Mr. Cecil Aldin, the Artist.



HE WENT TO EACH DOG AND HALF STUNNED IT WITH A  
LOADED STICK.

cellars where the greatest number of them are kept that most of the weekly rehearsals are held, with an accompaniment of suffering that would shock a slaughterman. Many an animal goes through its performance in a state bordering upon the insane, with such an obvious terror of doing the wrong thing that it is really surprising how an intelligent audience can avoid seeing the true state of things. A significant fact is that when showmen first come to England they give their rehearsals on the stage, and when the manager will not allow their inhuman proceedings, they do all in their power to circumvent him. One man even tried to rehearse on the stage of a London theatre at eight o'clock in the morning when he thought nobody would be about.

From some of our best known managers I have collected certain facts relating to particular troupes of performing dogs, which seem, as far as can be discovered, to suffer more than any other trained animals, probably because they have the greatest powers of endurance. I withhold names and full particulars, but these can easily be given.

Herr X is an Austrian, with nearly a dozen performing hounds. On the night of his first performance in London they were brought upon the stage by attendants, closely muzzled. Before the curtain rose Herr X went to each dog and half stunned it with a loaded stick. He then gave orders for the muzzles to be taken off and went through his turn, lashing the dazed animals freely with a long whip of hide and wire. Immediately after the curtain fell the animals were muzzled and led away. The stage-manager called Herr X to him and said that such a treatment was infamous and must not be repeated. The Austrian went into a violent passion and said that he only did in London what he did abroad, and that it was no concern of anybody's. Finding that he would not be allowed to persist in spite of his bluster, he went through future performances with the muzzles on his dogs.

At another theatre of varieties, whose management is of the very best, a foreigner and his wife came with a dog show.



Nothing was noticed on the first night, and the proprietor left with his animals, saying he would come and rehearse on the following morning. At about half-past eleven on the succeeding day he rushed into the manager's office, a sorry spectacle. His coat was torn, his linen disarranged, one of his eyes was as black without as within. He hurriedly explained to the startled manager that while quietly rehearsing some ruffians he had never seen before set upon and mauled him. At his request the representative of the house accompanied him to the stage, and there found the dogs cowering in a corner, and the wife of the owner screaming out uncomplimentary remarks in a foreign tongue to some three or four stage hands who stood together in a group.

"What's the meaning of this disgraceful conduct?" cried the manager; "what's the cause of it?"

"This here, Sir," said one of the men, quietly handing a dog collar with a cord attached, to the manager. "The brute had collars like this on all the dogs, and was jerking them. We've promised to lynch him if we catch him at it again." The manager took up the big broad collar; it was full of sharp jagged nails. He went up to the dogs and they shrank from him howling. Their necks were scarred and bleeding. Thereupon the case assumed a different complexion, and the trainer was forbidden to rehearse with the collars, and advised that he had brought his punishment upon himself. As may be guessed the man thenceforward ceased to rehearse at the theatre, and probably used the collars on his own premises, where there were no English workmen to interfere.

At yet another house I once watched a boy directing the movements of a pair of elephants. His treatment seemed particularly gentle. When he wished them to move he pushed with the handle of a light whip, and they responded with an alacrity that was inexplicable until examination of the handle revealed a long thin steel spike. One evening as I stood in the wings at a theatre, the curtain descended as a man was fondling a little dog just taken from a tiny portmanteau.





THE ASSISTANT CAUGHT IT BY ONE FOOT AND TOSSED IT INTO  
A BASKET.



As soon as he was shielded from the sight of the audience he threw the little animal several yards for one of the assistants to catch. The throw was a clumsy one; the poor little dog fell on the hard boards with a pitiful yell. Thereupon the assistant caught it by one foot and tossed it into a basket, which he tied down and carried out with the rest to proceed to another house of entertainment.

It is scarcely necessary to continue the recital of these brutalities. Suffice it to say that the lives of these dumb performers are, in the majority of cases, an everlasting torment which only death can end. Bruised, starved, striped, and wounded, the animals in whose trick humane people take delight lead an existence that calls aloud for alleviation. The people who own them are seldom the original trainers; they are lazy foreigners, with neither patience or decency. Yet while animals can be trained by kindness to do nearly all the tricks at present performed, because there has been no inquiry into the matter a wicked condition of things has come about. I have thrown out hints about this matter before. In the columns of the "Sketch" at the beginning of the present year I called upon the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to do its duty and justify its claims upon the public. The owners of performing animals should be registered, the accommodation of the animals and their bodily condition inspected. Theatrical managers would, I believe, give every help to the Society. Then, again, an audience has but to express disapproval with the proceedings, and the performing animal "turn" at once becomes as extinct as the megatherium or the dodo. One cannot help smiling at the list of convictions of the S.P.C.A., with the pathetic announcement that they pay for prosecutions and do not get the fines. A sheep, pig, or cow may be ill-treated once which is a pity, but no great matter, while the wretched animals to whose forced gymnastics we offer an accompaniment of laughter and applause suffer day and night. Truly it is a case of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. There are a few instances of animals



trained and treated kindly; but they are too rare to need mention, and must pass as the exceptions that prove the rule.

In dealing with the foregoing details I have purposely avoided the more sensational ones, and omitted several that would be calculated to give positive offence. I have been told by people living within hearing of the cellars where some performing animals are constantly kept that Sundays are usually chosen for rehearsals, and that the entire day is made hideous by the sound of howling and wailing. And all this is done for the amusement and pleasure of kind-hearted people; for although we hunt foxes, hares, and rats, and shoot pigeons from traps, we are, perhaps, the best-hearted nation on the earth—ready to kill everything, but reluctant to torture anything. Perhaps now the subject is broached people will think, and having thought, will act.

Before drawing this article to a close let me quote the account of a visit to the quarters of a dog-trainer, as narrated to me by a man whom I will call Mr. X—.

“I went to his rooms on a matter of business” said Mr. X, referring to the dog-trainer; “and though sentiment isn’t in my line, I felt perfectly ill. The practice-room was hung with spiked collars, whips, and other things, of all sizes and shapes. He had lost two of his dogs, and had sent for two more from the Dogs’ Home, and was trying to teach one when I went in. He had it in a spiked collar, and the poor beast was too frightened and too stupid to do what he wanted. He was in a rare rage; he lashed and dragged and jerked, the dog got more and more terrified, until at last his temper got the complete mastery over him, and he—strangled the poor beast! I was quite glad to see him put it out of its misery. He used to come to the performance, and when a new dog missed its tricks once or twice we never saw the dog again; he would say he had lost it, and grin. I think he trains most of his own dogs, and he kills quite a number.” I must state that Mr. X is not in a position to interfere in the matter, although he has given me some help in my pursuit of authentic details.



THE POOR BEAST WAS TOO FRIGHTENED AND TOO STUPID TO DO  
WHAT HE WANTED.





The managers of the variety theatres where trained animals perform are in a difficult position. They may suspect, they may even know of cruelties practised; but they can only look after proceedings upon their respective stages, and cannot be expected to depreciate their own wares. I have obtained the opinions of representatives of leading houses. At the Empire in Leicester Square, one of the best managed theatres in Europe, they are of opinion that animals can be kindly trained, and quote the names of one or two men whose treatment of their dumb performers is well spoken of by all who know anything about the matter. Neither Mr. Hitchins nor Mr. Slater is prepared to say that cruelty is not practised; they only state that bad treatment would not be permitted on the stage under any circumstances. Outside the house they cannot take cognizance of what goes on; but they are in sympathy with any movement that would do away with such abuses as may exist.

At the beautiful Palace Theatre of Varieties in Shaftesbury Avenue, the veteran manager, Mr. Charles Morton, was very outspoken. "Speaking personally," he said, "I should like all performing animal shows to be done away with. Fifty years' experience has taught me that they are attended with cruelty in varying degrees. I will not go into the question of training by kindness; it is possible in theory, and seldom or never apparent in practice. I should welcome any steps that would improve the present condition of things, and would give any assistance I could."

The Alhambra management had less to say. Mr. Douglas Cox is of opinion that performing animals can be kindly trained, and said that no cruel treatment would be allowed on the stage. He then took me to an outhouse on the premises and showed me a troupe of performing cats warmly housed and apparently well cared for. "They are performing here," he said, "and nobody has seen their owner strike one of them." He also told me of some performing parrots that were kept in an unoccupied room and tended by their owner with unvarying

kindness, and went on to name a dog-trainer who is reputed to be humane in his methods. He concluded by assuring me of the interest that the Alhambra would take in the suppression of anything wrong in the methods under examination. It is a significant fact that no manager has definitely denied the substance of the charges made. Some, as may be seen, have professed ignorance—and I believe truthfully—but no one has attempted to take up the defence of the miscreants I have exposed; while the statement of Mr. Morton is of an importance that cannot be over-estimated.

“Good Sir John,” says Ford to Falstaff in “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” “as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.” How aptly a Spaniard might use the remark addressed to the “gross fat man” of Shakespeare! How we have chuckled and hugged ourselves because we are not like the brutal Spaniards, who sacrifice half-a-dozen bulls and sometimes nearly twenty horses for the amusement of an afternoon!

The torture of the wretched horses lasts perhaps a quarter of an hour, but often only a quarter of a minute; in his excitement the bull probably feels no pain. But bulls and horses are large animals, their sufferings cannot be overlooked. A tiny performing animal cannot hope to reach the ear of the kind hearted until he learns to bellow as loudly as a bull.

I freely confess that I have probably done an injustice to some few humane men in this article. I would willingly acknowledge that in very rare cases hard-working men who do no wrong may suffer; but this is unavoidable. The profession of the performing animal trainer is a brutal and offensive one, and one in which the sins of the many cannot be redeemed by the behaviour of a few. Let such as dare bring their methods into the light of day, and show they have nothing to dread from investigation; let the others earn their living another way,







THE OWNER BOWING HIS ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

for their present affluent existence is a scandal alike to the managements employing and the public applauding them.

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### THE SORROWS OF TRAINED ANIMALS.

I went into the Empire Theatre of Varieties, Leicester Square, London, a few days ago. My first view of the performance was not a pleasant one, for it revealed Wallenda, the dog trainer, a man for whose work I have little admiration. He has been at the Empire before, and on the occasion of this visit exhibits trained cats as well as dogs. Few things are more difficult to analyse than the vague, instinctive dislike one man takes to another, and the suspicion with which he regards his actions would be unworthy were it not so often well founded. To-night I watch Wallenda carefully as his big dogs, Russian bearhounds apparently, go through various tricks. Try how I may, I cannot find in the action of the dogs or the cats, or in the ever watchful tactics of the trainer, anything tending to divest me of my first feeling of repugnance. I cannot conceive that these animals are inspired by any feeling save one of terror, and their final trick strengthens the conviction. Large hoops, apparently soaked in methylated spirits, are brought on to the stage and lighted. The dogs and cats have to jump through these blazing hoops, and, being aware how dogs and cats shrink from the fire, I am conscious of an idea that such a feat should never have been presented on the Empire stage. I know the director and managers as kind men, who would not either hurt an animal, or allow one to be hurt in their house. I know that the stage hands are prompt to stop anything approaching cruelty at rehearsals, and I remember how they once nearly lynched a trainer who was cruel. And though the trick can be performed readily enough now, it is obviously a cruel one, and must have involved cruelty in the preparation. Therefore I hold that it should not have been allowed on the stage, and I am

pleased to note that it is received in silence by the house. It would be hard to justify such a feat on any ground, nor does it altogether accord with the high traditions of the Empire that such a turn should find accommodation. To me, the fall of the curtain on this turn brings with it a sense of relief.—S.L.B., in "To-day," February 11th, 1899.

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### THE CASE OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

[By S. L. BENSUSAN.

From "Black and White," 1899].

During the past six months the trainers of performing animals have been enjoying a very pleasant time in London. They have been well to the fore in the variety theatres, and the section of the press to which the public looks for information about trainers and their ways, has published a series of interviews and articles all tending to show that the men who train animals are little less than the angels. Now, in point of fact, the case of the unfortunate dogs, bears, and other animals put through ridiculous exercises for the amusement of an unthinking public, is no better than it was three years ago when I called attention to a few of the barbarities practised, and the "Daily Chronicle" appointed a Commissioner to inquire into the matter. No good may follow further exposure, but protest becomes due when well-meaning, simple writers go to men who train animals, ask them if they are cruel, and on receiving the inevitable reply in the negative, state that kindness does all that is required.

\* \* \* \*

Quite recently I was watching a troupe of performing animals on a London stage. The trainer put his hand up to his ear, a cat ran up to him and began to lick his hand—to the audience it appeared as though the cat were talking to the trainer. "There is no cruelty in that," said a lady who accompanied me. I made careful inquiry. Mr. Trainer feeds his cats once only in twenty-four hours, always after the performance ;



## THE TORTURE OF TRAINED ANIMALS 119

they come upon the stage in a starving condition. Before he works this particular trick he rubs some rancid fat on the palm of his hand, and the starving cat rushes up to lick it off.

I went to a director of one of our great variety houses and said to him :—" Mr. X, whose performing dogs are here, is as cruel a brute as you will find in London. He tortures his animals ; their life is a short experience of hell, for happily many die off." The director is a kind, good-hearted man, who would not have a horse driven with a bearing rein. He asked me to come into the auditorium. Mr. X was giving his turn, the public were applauding vehemently. " Now," said the director, " you see what the public wants. When X is on the stage he may not ill-treat his animals ; the shifters and carpenters have instructions to report any case of cruelty to the stage manager. I can't be expected to interfere with what is done outside the theatre, and the public chooses the form of its own entertainment. *Voila tout !*"

\* \* \* \*

The conditions of trained animals is going from bad to worse, for with every season competition between the trainers becomes keener, and the intellect of the animals is not progressive. I say in all seriousness, and with deep regret, that the majority of elephants, lions, bears, dogs, and cats exhibited before the public suffer constant and unremitting torture, that the delicate tricks performed can only be accomplished under most rigid coercion since they are entirely foreign to the animals' understanding. There are a few, a very few, humane trainers ; the simpler tricks can be taught by kindness, and severe ill-treatment is not usually afflicted upon horses or monkeys, for the horses sulk and the monkeys die.

If the public could see the training instead of the performance, there are half-a-dozen men regularly appearing in London who could not face an audience without a fair chance of being lynched. I do not write with any hope of an immediate improvement in the condition of trained animals ; while the

public remain indifferent, and the S.P.C.A., remains incapable, the present blot upon our public entertainment must remain. I merely wish to protest against the misleading stories of training by kindness with which the reading public has been recently overwhelmed. The seekers after truth must not go to the trainer; he must find out where the trainer keeps his animals and make a few casual enquiries in the neighbourhood. He will find that the neighbours knew all about training time. Then he must inspect the animals, or get an unprejudiced person to do so—a task often difficult, but one I have not yet failed to accomplish. The very last person in the world to consult is the trainer himself. “I lof moin animals,” said a particularly brutal foreigner to me one night, little suspecting that I knew all his black record by heart, “unt moin vife, she lofs the animals alzo.” He and his wife have been known to kill animals in training if they could not do the work required, and of the two his wife is, if possible, the more vicious. Doubtless the inexperienced writer would take Mr. Z. at his word, and declare that his animals enjoyed one long holiday from birth to death.

Sometimes when I look round the house in some brilliant palace of varieties and see the audience that applauds performing-animal turns, I am satisfied that if the truth could be brought home to them, they would prefer to protest rather than to applaud. Many a manager only awaits the first unmistakable indication of the public's preference for other turns, to banish the performing animals from his house. I know journalists whose influence and humane feeling are equally great, and editors whose natural kindness of heart would astonish Miss Corelli. And yet week after week I see the dull, hopeless procession of tortured animals. I know when their trainers leave London they carry contracts to return, and that they will devote all the spare time to making fresh experiments utterly regardless of the means to the end. Elsewhere I read glowing reports of the success attending the labours of the S.P.C.A. I see that the mutilation of horses, dogs, and



poultry is being sternly discouraged, diatribes against bull-fighting and cock-fighting are as regularly recurrent as odes to spring. Dubbing and docking are out of fashion. Improvement is rife everywhere, except upon the variety stage, where cruelty, hideous, revolting, and, above all, unnecessary, remains rampant.

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### A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Last year I had an opportunity of watching a training lesson given to dogs, which were announced on the bill of attractions of a variety theatre as "acrobatic dogs." One of them had to balance on its front legs on the hand, and after that on one finger of the trainer. The poor animal was held up by its hind-quarters while the trainer's assistant used a short, elastic stick on its hind-quarters and stomach, beating it from 60 to 80 times per minute. After the dog had kept in the desired position several times, it was expected to lift up one of its legs, balancing on one front leg only. This was arrived at by concentrating all the blows on the leg he was to lift up. Forced by a volley of incessant taps of the stick, he would lift that leg for a moment, till at last, trembling with fright, he would stand for a few seconds on one leg. Then he had to stand in that position only on one of the trainer's fingers.

The frightened creature was not even allowed a rest in between, and when its lesson for the time being came to an end, it hid away with pitiful signs of deep distress.

Greatly disgusted, I left, but I returned in the evening for the actual performance. The turn of the "acrobatic dogs" came. One trick was followed by another more difficult; then the *coup* of the performance was reached! I instinctively felt that I was in for a disagreeable impression, as in the morning. The brilliant lights fell on the gaily-dressed trainer and his lively dogs. With a graceful swing one of the dogs was placed on his outstretched hand. There it stood, right up in the air,



perfect and straight, the trainer walking about with it. Indeed impressive to look at! Another quick movement and it was posed with only one foot on the top of one finger—a sensational sight! But nothing to make one think of anything unpleasant that might be connected with it! Who could suspect what I had seen inflicted on the same dog that very morning? The trainer continued to hold up the wretched creature in that position; I shouted out to finish the show, and may have spoilt the applauses of the unthinking spectators for the “meritorious” trainer.

Where are we to draw the line in the training of animals? Is it too much to expect that it will ever come to pass that animals will not be trained for the amusement and pastime of man? There is even no need for cruelty in every kind of training. Some animals will even perform certain tricks with pleasure if once they understand what is asked of them. To train and teach children is also cruel in a certain sense. It is impossible to judge by the result attained—the finished trick—whether it involves cruel treatment or not, as is shown by my experience! We must rely, therefore, on some profounder consideration! First of all we have to consider if an animal is anatomically adapted for what it is asked to perform, if the asked-for movement is a natural one for that special animal. For instance, a dog’s anatomy was never meant to achieve unnatural feats of equilibrium, and this is more particularly so in the case of the elephant. Parts of its body are strained which are incapable of strain or the applying of force. For the true animal lover, it will always be an objectionable and repulsive sight to see animals forced to pose in unnatural positions.

A judgment in this matter can therefore justly be based on man’s natural feelings and knowledge of natural history and science.

FRANK KREMnitz.

FRANKFORT, MAY, 1913.

## THE METHODS OF THE ANIMAL TRAINER.

The din of music, loud, mechanical,  
 A thoughtless, laughing crowd that fronts a stage ;  
 A trainer bowing to its loud applause,  
 As though he were the hero of the age ;  
 Alas, he is no hero ! Listen, look !  
 The whip descends as from the arena's rear  
 Leaps into line a crowd of animals,  
 Whose eyes are piteous with the light of fear.  
 Then comes the " grand performance." High trapeze  
 And stools and ladders, swinging rings and balls  
 Confront these cringing creatures who are trained  
 To a precocity unnatural.  
 The leopards mount their stools. The monkeys leap  
 All tremulous with fear from dizzy height ;  
 The kangaroos perform a " boxing match ;"  
 The camel " says its prayers " and bows " goodnight ;"  
 The clumsy bear climbs in his little swing ;  
 The pony bows to questions, grave replies ;  
 The dogs go gaily dancing round the ring ;  
 But, oh, the pathos, could one see their eyes !  
 For tricks well done the Judas kiss is given ;  
 If not, there are but few who would not moan  
 To gaze upon the cruel punishment  
 When trainer with his pupil is alone.  
 Ah, these poor pupils mastered by the whip—  
 God never meant them for a life like this.  
 Kind Pity, sweep such scenes as these from earth  
 And turn the loud applause to scathing hiss !

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

Much has been said and written of the cruelty and revolting  
 brutality practised upon animals in a misguided effort to  
 entertain and amuse the American and English public, but  
 steady increase in the number of shows and exhibitions of all  
 kinds dependent upon " educated " or " trained " animals for



their existence, force us to continue our attack upon this vicious form of cruelty.

During the summer months we experienced an epidemic of wild west shows, circuses, animal exhibitions and contests of various sorts. The coming of winter heralded the advent of a new crop of animal acts at the vaudeville theatres and of dog, snake and monkey shows in the penny arcades and vacant stores.

Despite the fact that such exhibitions are not popular with the great majority of the theatre-going public and that many of the acts purporting to exhibit animals "trained and controlled by kindness" are often hissed by the audience rather than applauded, theatrical managers continue to book them, and the number seems to be increasing rather than decreasing. Perhaps the explanation for this is that an increasing number of people who are too indolent to earn a livelihood by their own efforts are finding in such shows an easy way of subsisting on the beasts that have come under their subjection.

Be that as it may, there are few people who will see anything pleasant or edifying in the spectacle of a dead animal or a piece of raw meat being forced down the throat of a captive snake, which was an advertised feature of one show recently in the city that laid particular stress upon the great "educational" value of its exhibition. Neither do they see anything interesting or delightful in watching elephants stand on their heads, or tigers jump through flaming hoops, or bears balancing on rolling globes, or any of the other half-hundred unnatural "stunts" that both wild and domestic animals are forced to perform by the use of cruel and insidious torture.

To most of us such sights are revolting rather than entertaining; degrading rather than educational. Yet we find some such act on the program of nearly every vaudeville performance.

Not long ago in Los Angeles four men and one woman, the operators of a concession at one of the amusement parks, were arrested by the Los Angeles S.P.C.A. for abusing a lion.



The case shows the extremes to which some people will go and the outrages they will commit in an effort to attract the dollars of the public. A poor, emaciated old animal, described by Superintendent Zimmer of the Society as "a mild, kind, gentle and trusting lion, who wanted baby food and would have liked to purr," was the victim from which five heartless human brutes sought to obtain a living.

A part of the evidence exhibited in court was three loaded revolvers, two whips, a long club and a two-pronged fork, all of which were instruments used to torture the poor old fellow in an effort to make him wild. It developed at the trial that, in order to make the wretched creature more harmless, his teeth and claws had been removed. Having satisfied themselves that by no possibility could the cowed creature be goaded to the point of doing them injury, these individuals, whose depravity words cannot describe, entered the cage armed with the fork, club and other weapons and held what they termed a "fight for life," prodding the poor beast around and around in an effort to make him appear ferocious and dangerous.

A fine of fifty dollars was imposed on each.

The instance recited is only one of many similar ones which occur wherever animal exhibitions are held. The club and the goad are the means by which all wild animals are invariably trained. The ingenuity displayed in devising new modes of torture is nothing short of fiendish, if we are to admit the undoubted truth of the statements of those in a position to know what transpires behind the scenes. Mrs. Huntington Smith, in an article on the subject, tells of a prominent actress who would not play in a vaudeville theatre with an animal act because she could not stand to witness the cruelty inflicted on the animals back of the stage.

Starvation, drugs, wire whips, iron spikes, hot irons, are the barbarous instruments that teach wild animals to perform senseless antics for our amusement.

Even the trainers themselves confess the cruelty of their methods. Bostock says that it is only by force in the shape of

a club or a sharp-pointed prod that man secures domination over the beasts, and another writes that, "The caged animal is not a normal animal. Certain of his faculties are dulled; others are unduly sharpened. Is it any wonder that the wisest and most experienced trainer must confess to a knowledge so slight, an ignorance so vast, of those untamed and sullen minds which for a time they perilously control?"

The suffering of the caged beasts is only less acute than that of the trained animals in that the physical pain of the trainer's whip is removed. A cage animal is one which usually has been too high-spirited to train and is kept merely for show purposes, spending his life pacing about the little iron-barred cell in which such animals are exhibited, not infrequently suffering acutely from indigestion and other ills as a result of confinement and lack of exercise. The unnatural lives which these animals are forced to live is pitiful in the extreme and one has only to visit a circus or zoo where captive animals are kept in cages to realize the unhappiness of their lot.

Fortunately of late years there is a growing tendency in constructing zoos and animal parks to give the animals large open-air quarters with conditions approaching as closely as possible to their natural environment.

Exhibitions of trained domestic animals, such as horses, dogs and cats are, with very few exceptions, open to the same criticism charged against the wild animal shows. Except in rare instances, the methods employed in both cases are the same. The dog that is trained for exhibition in three weeks or less, as one trainer boasted was all the time he ever devoted to any one set of animals, and taught to do almost impossible feats of cleverness, receives his education with starvation and the whip as instructors. Even when these animals learn their tricks and can be induced to perform them without an undue display of brutality, they lead miserable lives, confined in travelling crates, with little or no exercise, poor food, and usually exposed in the area-ways of theatres and on station platforms to all sorts and conditions of weather.



We can only hope that as time goes on and the general public becomes more and more aware of the cruelties that are perpetrated under the guise of furnishing entertainment, its protests will be so loud and long-continued that their abolishment will be necessary.—FROM *Our Animals* (Boston, U.S.A.).

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### A WRETCHED EXISTENCE.

“Pom” wrote to the *Observer* (London, June 23rd, 1912), with reference to performing animals in music halls, etc.:—

As I am, and have been for over seven years, on the staff of one of the largest variety theatres, I feel I may add my protest to that of others. At the same time, why stop at the dog? Surely the horses, bears, monkeys, etc., demand the same sympathy, as they all have to go through the mill week in and week out?

Take bears and the smaller animals. They go from town to town in boxes which as a general rule are no larger than is absolutely necessary, as, in addition to other “props,” it means more expense if the owner takes much in the way of baggage. Again, some of the theatres he may visit have no space to spare. Dogs (with few exceptions, in my experience) do not get exercise out of the theatre, and very little in, unless rehearsals are to be counted as such.

Apart from this, a performing animal’s existence is wretched. The greater number are in the possession of foreigners who, from what I have seen, are short-tempered and brutal. I have seen an owner seize a small dog’s jaw in his mouth and bite until the animal’s struggles drew the attention of several stage hands. To make a dog walk on its fore feet I have known one owner to stick needles in a piece of wood and tap the hind legs repeatedly to induce the dog to keep its balance. Whips used in elephant and bear “turns” have in most cases a short spike in the butt, and in the case of elephants a hook and spike in the other end as well; the public do not see these.

I venture to think there are many forms of amusement for



the British public which interest them far more than animal "turns," and I am sure did they know of half the punishment these unfortunate creatures go through they would cease to patronise these "shows" or applaud them.

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### THE TRAINING OF STAGE BEARS.

(From the *Sketch*, London, March 22nd, 1899.)

On a recent occasion I devoted some space to an account of M. Permane, who was exhibiting a troupe of performing bears at the Alhambra. After his engagement there was done, he went on tour, and when he was at Blackpool I received this letter from Mr. Joseph F. Simpson, who supports his statements with the names of witnesses. He wrote as follows to me some weeks ago (although, from a press of matter, I have been compelled to hold over his communication till now):—

THE EDITOR, "SKETCH."

Dear Sir,—

I have met M. Permane under circumstances detailed below, and at the time I had special opportunity for judging the reliability of his statement that "it's all done by kindness."

As Consulting Engineer to the Empire Theatre Company (Blackpool), Limited, I have frequently occasion to visit the theatre early in the day, and it was during one of these visits that I first met M. Permane, who at the time was fulfilling an engagement there. I happened to arrive at the theatre in the midst of a rehearsal of this "show," and found M. Permane on the stage, together with three bears and a large bearhound. He was teaching one of the bears to balance on a swinging horizontal bar, a most difficult feat.

Several times the bear fell off, and, as a result, was thrashed unmercifully with a heavy whip over the head, kicked, and otherwise treated in M. Permane's eminently kind manner. Again the poor brute fell, and the trainer seemed to think the time had come for more effective methods. He turned to a horizontal bar fixed about four feet from the floor, and by



PRISONERS FOR LIFE.







means of a chain or rope attached to the bear's neck, he hauled it up until its head rested on and over the bar. Fastening the chain to one of the side supports he then took the butt end of his heavy whip and beat the bear over the nose until its cries of agony could be heard all over the building. He also kicked it unmercifully about the lower parts of the body, and generally gave such an exhibition of brutality as I, personally, have never seen equalled.

Afterwards, when I met him at the entrance to the theatre and told him in very plain English just what I thought of him, he asked me what business it was of mine; and when I claimed the right of every Englishman to interfere when he sees animals ill used, he retorted that he was *not an Englishman* and could not be touched by English laws. Unfortunately, this is quite true. The English law affords no protection to wild animals, and these foreign trainers are quick to take advantage of the fact.

Now, sir, consider the conditions of life of the poor animals, cooped up in strong wooden cages so small that they are unable to turn round, without light and almost without air, tortured each day at rehearsal, until absolute paralysing fear of their trainer has replaced every natural feeling—and for what end? Simply to afford fifteen minutes' entertainment daily to an audience of Englishmen who, could they realise only a tithe of the intolerable sufferings and cruelty incident to such an exhibition, would hiss it off the stage.

I leave you to judge of the truth of M. Permane's statement that "it's all done by kindness." I have seen the hidden side of many of these animal "shows," and in only one case have I seen the slightest attempt to train the animals by humane methods. But I have seen every form of cruelty, and in some cases an almost fiendish ingenuity in devising fresh means of inculcating that state of horrible fear which alone enables animal trainers in general, and M. Permane in particular, to ply their wretched and brutal trade.

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At Scarborough on October 24, 1912, John Hendrikson,

proprietor of an animal circus, was fined £1 and costs for ill treating a bear and monkey at a performance in the Scarborough Aquarium. A feature of the performance was a fight between a bear and a monkey, which was stated to be a disgraceful exhibition.

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BROUGHT  
TO  
BOOK.





# HOW A FOREIGN TRAINER WAS BROUGHT TO BOOK.

By CHIEF INSPECTOR ROBINSON,  
Of the Northumberland and Durham Society for the  
Protection of Animals.

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“For I am my brother’s keeper,  
And I will fight his fight.”

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A communication reached me one day, whilst I was stationed in the Midlands, to the effect that “a troupe of elephants would perform at a certain music-hall the following week; that grave complaints of cruelty had been made, and that I should attend rehearsals and report.” Now, had I been requested to fly to the moon and report the state it was in I should not have been more surprised than when I was told to attend these rehearsals. My previous experience of these things had convinced me that such instructions could not be carried out, but I determined to do something. The elephants arrived, and I attended the second public performance, which was close on midnight, and noted nothing that was objectionable; but I was struck by the rapid movements of the animals when they happened to be near their trainer, who was a good-looking, tall, powerfully-built woman. This was the last item on the bill, and the curtain dropped to the strains of the National Anthem. I wandered slowly home, went to bed, but found, when it was time to rise, that I had thought of no plan which would enable me to witness a single rehearsal.

After breakfast I went for a short walk to see if there was anything in or about the streets that would help me to some kind of procedure, and while I was walking in an aimless manner I

chanced to meet a veterinary surgeon whom I knew very well. His personal appearance was that of a well-groomed man, and his cheerful countenance seemed to denote a happy frame of mind. With me it was otherwise. A sleepless night and the likelihood of my having to report that I could not see what took place at the rehearsals, hung like a nightmare over me. I had heard my father say, "Never allow failure to linger in your mind." My chief had said to his men in my hearing, "Don't tell me that you cannot do " such-and-such a thing, and I was wincing at the idea that he would fling the same hateful words at me. But to the vet. He had on a pair of trousers which caught my eye, and a pair of neat leggings. The Psalmist says, "Neither delighteth he in any man's legs," but these trousers had a message for me, and I put it to the wearer in these words: "Your name will go down to posterity as a humanitarian if you will drive home, put your leggings off, light a cigarette, and walk leisurely through the box office into the pit as if you were one of the artists there for the week, and see what the elephants are rehearsing. Stay there for half-an-hour, and meet me at \_\_\_\_\_"

After a good deal of persuasion on my part, he acted as directed, and in twenty-five minutes he returned to me in quite a different tune to that he was in when I first met him in the street. He said, "It is a serious business. At each end of the stage there is stationed a groom armed with a spiked pole, ready, I suppose, in case the elephants turn upon the woman-trainer. She was wielding a heavy whip, and under the thong there must have been a sharp spike and a crook or hook as well. I saw her stab the elephants under their trunks, and in any tender part she could reach, in order to make them sit on iron stools about a foot in diameter without letting their hind feet touch the stage boards. The cries of the poor beasts were more than I could stand. I never witnessed such cruelty before."

The trainer hailed from the Continent, and did not—so I had been informed—speak English. I hastened home, called my wife to act as interpreter, and, accompanied by a police



inspector, proceeded to the stables where the elephants were housed. On my way I purchased 2lbs. of biscuits and put them in the pockets of my overcoat. The trainer, her grooms, and attendants stood by the door, and when I entered the stable the elephants snorted and looked restive. They were in an agitated state, heated and unsafe to approach, but I walked straight in, holding biscuits in both hands, which I extended towards them, hiding as best I could a certain amount of fear, and putting on a bold front. They surrounded me, and in three or four minutes they had cleaned my pockets out. Meanwhile my eye fell upon bleeding punctures near the roots of their tails, and the whip marks behind their ears might have been counted by the score. The French scholar—my wife, to wit—said to the trainer, “You have treated your elephants badly.” The trainer replied, “Oh, they did all that (meaning the punctures) when crossing the Channel last week. They were thrown about the boat a good deal.”

“Where is the whip?” I enquired. “I never use one,” she replied.

Thereupon, a groom produced a bundle of small cane sticks such as children have, and the trainer further remarked, “There are the only weapons we use.” We retired, the vet. declaring that the whip had a heavy thong eight or ten feet in length.

She had learned how to lie with firm lips, and her story about the rough passage across the Channel was disconcerting, but still the ice had been broken, and I felt certain that more evidence would be found. At this time I was quite in the dark as to how long this woman had been in England, and for certain reasons I did not deem it wise to appeal to the management of the theatre.

Later in the day I went carefully over the names of the artists who were playing at the theatre during the week, and decided to interview the star performer in the cast. At his lodgings his landlady ushered me into his room, and after the usual salutations, I said, “Would you mind telling me what you think of the general treatment of the elephants that are perform-

ing here this week ? ” “ I am not at liberty to speak of any of my fellow artists,” he replied, “ do you wish to see me dismissed ? ” “ That,” I said, “ will not happen ; men of your ability are not found every day ; besides, I venture to give you the names of three noblemen who would, I am sure, see that such a thing did not happen.”

“ Sit down,” he answered, “ and if you will pledge your word to call to my aid, if necessary, the noblemen you have mentioned, I will tell you what I know.” “ Proceed, sir,” I said, “ I will carry out to the letter all I have said.” “ Then,” replied he, “ I have witnessed almost every week-day for six weeks horrible acts of cruelty to these unfortunate animals. Every morning when I called at the theatre for my letters, rehearsals of impossible things were going on. At a leading music hall in the Metropolis we were thrown together for a month. Then we played in the same cast for a fortnight in the West of England, and now we are here. But we who have never trained animals could not get the woman convicted, and seeing that she has all the doors locked, or bolted, during the rehearsals, I fear the disgusting cruelty will continue. Anonymous letters have been written every week to see if the cruelty could not be stopped, but no one has ever witnessed these terrible displays in the mornings, excepting the people who dare not speak. Cannot these devilish animal performances be stopped ? Where are the men who are supposed to look after animals ? At ——— Theatre one morning the poor brutes were goaded with spiked whips until the stage was almost covered with blood. The char-women screamed, rushed madly into the street, and declared they would not stay in the place if such a thing happened again. What beats me is that during six weeks of this infernal business, in spite of quite a number of letters which have been written begging, and praying almost, to have the cruelty stopped, no steps were taken to deal with it.

“ On one occasion, when I myself had sent an urgent message to the local Inspector to come at once to see the condition



of the stage, he arrived after every spot of blood had been removed, and expressed himself as quite satisfied with what he saw. This dreadful woman will go on, I suppose, because it is quite evident you cannot get into the theatres when the rehearsals take place. From what I have seen, these morning bouts have nothing to do with the performances which the public see every night. If the rehearsals were as orderly and as free from cruelty as the usual public performances, one would have nothing to complain of.

“The impossible things that are now attempted in the mornings are rehearsals, no doubt, of a series of performances which will be given on the Continent when she returns there. It riles me when I see our music-halls used for the practice of things what may not be performed publicly in this country; but I will say no more, you cannot get in, and I suppose nothing can be done.”

When I announced to this talented artist that a veterinary surgeon, acting on certain instructions, had seen the rehearsal that morning, and had certified having seen gross acts of cruelty take place, he sprang to his feet, seized me by the hand and said “How was it done? I can scarcely believe it. Have you got the whips?” On my telling him that I had not been able to get hold of them, he replied, “What a pity! you never saw such whips in your life!”

I thanked my informing friend, who promised as I was leaving his rooms, “At twelve o’clock to-night I will bring a fellow-player to your house so that you may hear what he has to say.”

At midnight the two men arrived at my abode, and for about an hour I listened to a sad story by the second man. The night previous I had roared with laughter at the funny songs he had sung and doubted whether such a man could ever be serious; but I soon found myself in the presence of a man who could not control his sorrow. Tears ran down his face as he related the various acts of torture he had witnessed. I inquired if they could tell me where they—the strong woman



and the elephants—were booked to play the following week. Both replied, “Oh, at ——.” I concluded that it might be possible to obtain further evidence during the remainder of the time and take proceedings the following week.

Late, however, on the succeeding Thursday night my first friend came rushing to my house to inform me that the elephant-trainer had cancelled all her engagements in England and that immediately on the fall of the curtain on Saturday night, which would be a few minutes past eleven, she, her elephants, grooms, and all her belongings, would be booked for the Continent without an hour’s delay. “She has determined,” said my friend, “to clear out of the country. She has found out you mean business and she intends to frustrate all your plans.”

A long conversation, lasting well into the morning, ensued before a decision was reached. My friend had a daughter who was playing with him, and at about half-past ten the same morning, should the usual rehearsal take place, he would, from his dressing-room window, sign to his daughter in the street, who would in turn transmit it to me.

The signal came and in less than half-a-minute I was on my way to the theatre followed by four constables and an inspector. We ran into the theatre and on arrival at the wings from the rear of the stage we found the trainer lying on her back with a heavy whip in her right hand and saw the elephants walking over her in single file. She soon discovered our presence, rose, and bowed to us. The whip was too big to hide, and at a distance of half-a-dozen yards one saw inserted in the stock under a thick, heavy, long thong, a sharp spike about two inches in length and a sharp-pointed hook of similar length. Here was a weapon capable of driving any animal mad, and, had these unfortunate elephants been a few years older, they would have made short work with any trainer who dared to torture them with such a weapon. By this time I had made myself conversant with this woman’s proceedings and I was then also painfully aware that I was confronted by legal

difficulties. Furthermore, it was incumbent upon me to address myself to those who stand for "red tape" and see what could be done. By noon on the Saturday I gathered that an information might be laid for a summons, and in spite of three or four messages which I had sent by wire, that a summons in these circumstances would be useless, I was left without practical assistance of any kind. A pious piece of humbug indeed to order a summons to be served on a person who would quit the country in less than twenty-four hours! A warrant for her arrest in another country for such an offence could neither be issued nor executed.

Age, I said to myself, must have withered the brains of my old chief. Was I to be no more than a mere puppet in the game?

The first performance on the Saturday evening was in progress, and in less than five hours the four poor creatures would be driven to the railway station and their trainer would be comfortably seated in a first-class compartment of the midnight express. This I determined must not happen, and, if the worst came to the worst, this woman's midnight flit must be stopped.

Accompanied by an obliging deputy-clerk I proceeded to the business establishment of a shrewd level-headed justice of the peace and stated my case. I pointed out the futility of a summons and he signed a warrant for the woman's arrest.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the curtain fell on the last performance of the elephants, and as they were being marched off the stage their trainer was arrested. Two officers of superior rank executed the warrant, and at midnight the assistance of my wife was requested by the police to make arrangements for bail. The temper, strength, disposition, and all the other factors which go toward the equipment of a person who would goad animals with spiked whip-stocks manifested themselves for two hours before the proffered bail was accepted.

As soon as the telegraph offices were open on this good Sunday morning, I communicated with my old chief and kept up a steady bombardment by wire asking, and subsequently

demanding, assistance in the shape of Counsel capable of speaking French and German. By sundown a promise was made that this should be done.

The case, or rather I should say the outlines of it, were ably set forth by competent Counsel, nearly thirty witnesses went through the witness box, the trainer was convicted, and the Continental Societies for the Protection of Animals were duly notified of the fact.

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BEARING  
REINS.



# BEARING REINS.

## A Plea for their Abolition.

By J. SUTCLIFFE HURNDALL, M.R.C.V.S.

*(Ex-President of the Royal Counties' Veterinary Association).*

Together with the Opinions of Additional Veterinary Authorities  
and other Experts.

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"The pity which is not born from experience is always cold. It cannot help being so. It does not understand."

QUIDA.

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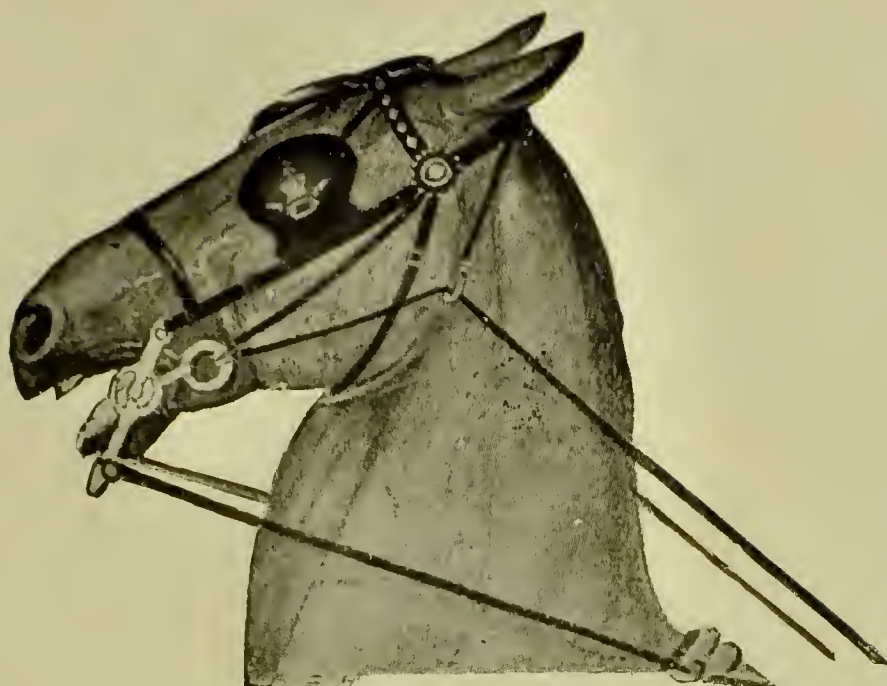
THE application of the bearing rein, so much in vogue at the present time, is a practice which cannot be sufficiently deprecated and condemned; the objections to be raised against it are by no means based upon mere sentimental views of cruelty alone, though one would think that these are sufficiently convincing to induce all humane horse owners to absolutely forbid their use upon the animals over which they exercise control. Unfortunately for the comfort and well-being of horses, the class of people who own and ride behind the most valuable and high-couraged animals entrust the sole and unquestioning management thereof to their coachmen, upon whose minds and judgment the higher and moral responsibilities of man to the lower animals appear to exercise no influence; it therefore becomes necessary to appeal to the more selfish side of human nature and to point out to owners some of the disadvantages and risks involved in the use of these torture straps, the bearing reins.

Everyone who is acquainted with the anatomy of the horse, in a merely elementary degree, who will make careful observation of the conditions affecting those of high courage, first with and



then without a bearing rein, as usually applied by the ordinary coachman, cannot fail to note what a marked difference in their attitude is noticeable ; and further, if such investigations are made, to note the effect of the bearing rein upon horses in motion, especially when they suddenly find themselves on frosty wood paving or slippery asphalt ; it does not require much experience nor anything more than the exercise of bare common sense to discover what difficulties the reined horse has to contend with compared with his unreined brother. But to deal first with the alterations from the normal in the anatomical conformation of bearing reined horses, an inspection of Figure I. of the illustrations herewith conveys to the mind a very accurate representation of what takes place : the trachea, or wind pipe, assumes an altogether unnatural contour, being very convex outwardly, whereas for the proper fulfilment of the respiratory function it should follow the course of the neck in a natural position. This bending of the trachea out of its natural course throws the epiglottis, at the upper portion of the wind pipe, in a backward direction, and so interferes with the free passage of air into the lungs ; the carotid artery and the jugular vein, on both sides of the neck are unduly pressed by the unnatural contraction of powerful muscles of the neck, thus interfering with the circulation and proper supply of blood to and from the brain, to which may sometimes be attributed attacks of megrims or staggers.

The abnormal position of the ligamentum nuchæ in a horse tightly reined up interferes with the power the horse enjoys of preserving his balance when unfettered by artificial restraint. The head of the horse poised and supported by this elastic but very powerful ligament serves much the same purpose as a man's arms do in enabling him to maintain a balance or recover himself after a slip. The horse with a bearing rein, even though it be not very tightly drawn, is in much the same position as a man would be with his arms tied firmly behind his back, and on slippery roadways the horse who is bearing reined has about as much chance of preserving his equilibrium or recovering from a



SHOWING HOW THE BEARING REIN PRODUCES  
AN UNNATURAL, IRKSOME AND PAINFUL  
POSITION.



UNNATURAL.



NATURAL POSITION.





slip as a man whose free powers of movement are restrained as indicated. Apart from these anatomical objections to the bearing rein, the result of its application, especially when tightly drawn, as may be noticed among those horses that are driven in the smartest equipages and by fashionable horse dealers, is most noticeable in its action upon the mouth ; here it is probable the animal suffers the greatest pain. The horse does not understand why he is restrained in this brutal manner, and resents the restraint, the result being that the punishment is materially exaggerated by the additional check of a sharply curbed bit in the hands of the driver, whose intelligent idea of quieting a restive horse is to pull hard and snatch at his mouth, with a not infrequent application of the whip. One of the results is injury to the angle of the mouth, which only tends to make the animal more irritable at the time ; after the injury is repaired the mouth responds less readily to the bit, it has become what is technically described as "hard," and as a subsequent consequence a little more curb has to be applied, or perhaps a nose net, productive of more pain and inconvenience.

Now ! if owners have not sufficient humanity in them to forbid the bearing reins because of their cruelty, one would think that if for nothing else than the preservation of their own persons from exposure to danger and accident the use of these torture straps would be discontinued. It cannot be said with any truth, that a horse's appearance is improved by forcing it to assume the attitude involved by the application of the bearing rein : that delightfully free, easy motion characteristic of a well bred horse in the trot cannot be obtained under such restraint, but it is pleasingly observable in a horse driven without a bearing rein by a man with "good, light hands." A recognition of individual responsibility is called for in this matter. If anyone who owns horses would do his or her part in repressing the practice it would speedily go out of fashion, much to the advantage of the horses, and the safety and comfort of the owners, while horse dealers and those who adopt the bearing rein from business motives would soon find it to their interest to discontinue the practice.

## OTHER SCIENTIFIC AND EXPERT VIEWS.

Professor Pritchard, Royal Veterinary College, stated :—  
“ An act of great cruelty is being daily and hourly perpetrated, and in many instances by very good people, who ‘ know not what they do.’ Were they aware of the pain they are inflicting, I am sure they would soon bring about the abolition of a custom which undoubtedly is a source of much evil, and has fashion only to urge for its continuance. I allude to the practice of driving horses with a ‘ bearing rein,’ or in other words, reining horses’ heads tightly in one position, for the purpose of arching their necks and giving them a more showy appearance.”

Professor J. Wortley Axe, Royal Veterinary College, says :—  
“ If the public could see and understand the effects of its insidious work on the respiratory and other organs, I do not think its use would be long continued.”

Professor John Adam McBride, Cirencester, says :—“ The consequence of the above conditions would lead to increased pressure upon the nerves of the neck, causing excruciating pain to the poor animal ; and, further, it would predispose the unfortunate victim of fashion to such diseases as megrims, apoplexy coma, inflammation, and softening of the brain.”

Mr. George Fleming, Army Veterinary Inspector, says :—  
“ It causes pain and distress in breathing. It tends to produce distortion of the upper part of the wind pipe, which causes difficulty in respiration, as well as the disagreeable wheezing, snoring, or whistling sound termed “ Roaring,” and which constitutes an unsoundness. It frets the temper of nervous and excitable horses, and shortens the lives of all.”

The Duke of Portland (Master of the Horse, His Majesty the King’s Court) says :—“ If I see horses approaching me with a cruel, tight bearing rein, their heads hauled up to an unnatural height, I expect to find, and generally do in fact, I lay myself as long odds as ten to one on it, a very third-class looking coachman on the box, with a fourth-class looking carriage, which is generally occupied by people of a most vulgar type.”



The Duke of Portland and Sir George Wombwell wrote to the daily press in June, 1912, the following letter:—

“ Sir,—May we, through your well read columns, suggest to the ladies and gentlemen driving to the Ranelagh and Hurlingham clubs, to order their coachmen to loosen the bearing reins when they wait under the trees for their masters and mistresses. It would be a kindness to their horses to do so, instead of keeping them, as we have often noticed at these clubs “gagged up with a bright sun right in their eyes for hours together.”

This letter has apparently fallen on deaf ears, and is not only absolutely unheeded, but bearing reins seem to be more frequently used than ever.

Sir Edward Sullivan in his pamphlet, “Our Pleasure Horses,” published some few years ago, says:—“The present fashionable English driving bits, when combined with gag bearing reins, are the most brutal instruments of torture ever invented by man in any age or in any country.”

Sir Edward also points out that, with the horse's head fixed helplessly as in a vice by the gag bearing rein, and the exertion of a man's strength on long reins with the leverage of a 10 inch bit, it is a matter of mechanical necessity that something must sometimes give way ; and the thing that gives way is not the bit or the gag on the reins—but the horse's jaw ; and he tells us on the authority of a practical horse dentist, that this “accident” is not so uncommon as one would like to believe. This dentist told Sir Edward that, “of his own knowledge many of our fine London carriage horses had fractured jaws.”

Mr. Edward Fordham Flower, who was a well-known and kindly figure in Stratford-on-Avon many years ago and a prominent local brewer, wrote a beautifully illustrated little book “Bits and Bearing Reins,” in which he brought forward the most unimpeachable arguments against the use of the rein, and said at a public meeting that a dealer told him he had to tighten up the heads of his horses more and more, because, said he, “many people would not buy them unless he did so; that



London people always wanted their horses to carry their heads high, and another thing is, *it soon wears them out*, and they come for another pair !”

Mr. Darby, a well known horse dealer in Rugby, wrote to the late Mr. E. Fordham Flower, that the effect of keeping horses standing with their bearing reins on, was not only to strain the windpipe and respiratory organs, but to alter the natural position of the animal, making it stretch out its forelegs, thereby throwing its weight on its heels, and thus producing inflammation and navicular lameness. Yet fashion loves to see the horse in this unnatural and ridiculous position.

The late Sir Francis Head, in his delightful book “Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau,” written about sixty years ago, dealt a powerful blow at the bearing rein fashion, and, by making it unfashionable, he almost succeeded in putting it down. The clever and humorous baronet was a great lover of horses and a perfect horseman. In his gallops over the broad South American pampas he had plenty of opportunities of observing the noble action of the wild horse in his native freedom. He thus describes his experience of this glorious animal :—

“In a state of nature the wild horse (as everybody knows) has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head ; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exultant in his freedom, as each fore-leg darts before the other, one sees before one a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation—all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches ; but attempt to pursue him, and that moment he defies you ; determined to escape, he shakes his head and lays himself out to his work. How completely does he alter his whole attitude ! for down goes head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of without materially diminishing his speed.”

Mr. Charles H. Allen, who was for many years Hon. Secretary of the Hampstead and Highgate Anti-Bearing Rein Association, wrote :—" It is a matter of wonder why bearing reins were ever invented, and who was the originator of so much discomfort and cruelty to the noble animal on which man is more dependent than upon any other. Surely it must have been some harness maker, eager for gain, as no person scientifically cognisant of the anatomy of the horse could ever have conceived or sanctioned such an instrument of torture. The skeleton of this animal shows that the natural position of the head and neck is not far removed from a straight line, or at any rate, it is very different from the constrained stuck-up posture, which makes the horses of our fashionable folk so preposterous as they toss and shake their heads and throw the foam of their torture all over their sleek sides. And whilst they are standing at the door of some exhibition or shop, or at Lord's or any other place where their thoughtless mistress is enjoying herself at her ease, the stupid and ignorant coachman sits on his box, in all his liveried conceit, watching the struggles of the noble animal to escape from the thralldom of the horrible rein, with the utmost *sang froid* for he thinks, poor ignoramus, that it is only a proof of the creature's high spirit and aristocratic blood ! Very often he adds to its discomfort by giving it frequent little flicks with his whip over its head and ears.

" I might easily horrify your readers by describing the newly fashioned *Bedouin*, or *gag* bearing rein, which inflicts far more pain than the old fashioned rein, and is chiefly affected by persons who want their horses to be preter-naturally erect and high-stepping, regardless of their discomfort, and also by the large funeral furnishers, whose jet black horses are usually streaked with broad flakes of foam. The use of such bits ought to be made penal, but there is always a difficulty in obtaining convictions in bearing rein cases—often, no doubt, the magistrate having them on his own horses."

I may fitly close this paper with the following from an " Old Soldier " :—" Many years ago, when a youngster at Woolwich,



I saw, near the foot of Shooter's Hill, a carter doing all he knew to start his three horses with the wagon weight behind them. Their bearing reins were all taut, and his manner of action was to pull at the mouth of the leading horse with strong exhortations from his own, whilst cracking his whip on the buttocks of the second. I watched in silence, and after many exhausting failures, the carter paused to wipe his brow, and I, not being then under the strong curb of matured principle, offered the man sixpence to get a glass of ale at the public house close by, and 'I would mind his horses.' No sooner had he turned his back than I cast off all the bearing reins; the horses swung their heads two or three times in thankful relaxation. I then put the leader a little across the hill to stretch the traces, and imitating as closely as I could the best selected sound of exhortation from the carter's vocabulary, I had the genuine happiness of starting the team, the sound of which brought the man with his whip running after me up the hill, who crowned my satisfaction by listening with surprise and interest to the explanation of success, due, I may say, to one of the first lessons learnt on joining a field battery from the frequent order given 'March easy; cast off bearing reins.' Would that this were more frequently the order in civil life."

From my office window (22A, Regent Street, London, S.W.) I often observe the discomfort and suffering undoubtedly caused to horses by the use, and oftentimes the gross abuse, of the bearing rein. How frequently the poor creatures throw their heads up to get some relief from the unnatural strain placed upon their necks! Contrast their restless attitude with that of other carriage horses which have no bearing rein at all! Bearing reins are used because people imagine they make their turn-out look smarter, and because coachmen tell them that horses cannot be driven in crowded streets without the use of some such check. But why is it that the London cabmen have for many generations driven their horses, many of which are thoroughbreds sold out from racing stables, without bearing reins, even in the thickest and most mixed traffic?

THE EDITOR.



THE  
TREATMENT  
OF  
PIT PONIES.



# THE TREATMENT OF PIT PONIES

By SIDNEY TRIST.

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“And what is the purpose of every effort I make? It is that I may discharge the debt which I owe to other creatures, that I may make them happy in this world, and that they may gain Heaven in the next.”

ROCK INSCRIPTIONS OF ASOKA.

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THE treatment of ponies in mines has been a subject of very anxious discussion for some years past. Occasionally cases are brought before the magistrates where the lads who are put in charge of them are prosecuted for various forms of ill-treatment. So great was the outcry two or three years ago, that a Royal Commission was appointed to examine and report on the subject, and on March 16th, 1911, the Commissioners reported—

“That in the majority of the 3,000 coal mines of Great Britian, horses are employed either partially or exclusively in the work of hauling coal. The Commission investigated many charges of cruelty, the chief of which were overwork, injury by low roofs or bad roads, insufficient food and water, improper harness, insufficient attention to injured animals, and beating, wounding, and maiming.

“In the course of the evidence many painful and deplorable details were given. They heard of more than one case in which a boy knocked a pony’s eye out. There were instances of tying up ponies to flog them, driving them when covered with sores, and neglecting to give them food and water. A boy was even alleged in one case to have torn a pony’s tongue out.

“It seemed doubtful whether it was possible actually to pull out a pony’s tongue, but at all events the boy injured the tongue in a manner that was equally cruel and wanton.



Moreover, it appeared that in more than one case the number of horses that died or were killed in the course of the work of the mine was very large.

“That as horses in mines have often to turn corners in narrow places, and sometimes to do so without a boy to lead them, it sometimes happens that blind horses go straight on and dash themselves against the opposite wall, or hit their heads against the roof. If it were forbidden to employ them at all in a mine, they would have to be sent to work on the surface under even less favourable conditions, or else shot.”

“This seems rather cruel,” the Commissioners add, “for it was proved to us that in most cases blind ponies were treated kindly, and appeared physically well. For these reasons we think that blind horses should still be allowed to work in mines, but only when led and treated with special kindness, and in circumstances in which the work is light and suitable to them.”

On the general treatment of ponies in mines the Commissioners state that, as a rule, they are kindly treated, well fed, generally speaking not overworked, and work in equable and warm temperatures, and are preserved from extremes of cold.

The Commission arrived at the conclusion that cruelty to pit ponies was possible, and existed, in extreme cases, and the desirability of making regulations to prevent it was established.

The pit ponies used are drawn largely from Dartmoor; they are about fourteen hands in height, and usually of a brown or black colour. They are strong, hardy little creatures, and fetch from £3 to £5 apiece at two years of age. They live out on the moor practically throughout the whole year. From this beautiful wild upland they are sold in batches and taken away to the mines in the North of England, where they are put to hard labour in drawing miniature coal trucks, and there they spend the bulk of their lives. In the course of the coal strike of 1912, one pony was brought up which had not seen daylight for nearly twenty years.

Controversy has been very keen on this question, but it is just as well to see both sides of it, and while managers of mines may take what they regard as every reasonable precaution, there are undoubted cases where boys employed to lead animals have been guilty of cruelty, in some cases of a very gross nature. As against this, employees of long experience have asserted that the gaffers who are over the boys cause the ponies to be worked eleven and twelve shifts a week, that many of them have dropped in the workings from sheer exhaustion; that they are dragged and kicked the same as a football; that the boys are bullied by and frightened of the corporal or the deputy shouting at them for being too long on the job allotted to them. One magistrate suggested the lash as a punishment for convicted boys.

A writer in the "Sheffield Independent," Jan. 19th, 1913, stated—

"As soon as the pit opens on the Monday morning, the hue and cry is set up coal, coal, and more coal. Every previous record must be broken. Consequently amidst this rush and bustle the poor ponies are driven to death, and the boys must do it in order to satisfy a greedy management. More than the rush is the fact that the ponies are made to work 16 and 24 hours frequently without a break for rest or food, and are driven until they die in sheer exhaustion. All this is known to the management, but tell it not in court. I suggest that before the Home Office grant power for the lash they make an inquiry, not a sham inquiry. Let them ask how long a pony works, the nature of its work, the nature of its food, and let them ascertain from proper authority what that pony should be capable of doing under such circumstances, and then these magistrates will be better able to judge who most deserves the lash, for it is infinitely more cruel to work and clam a pony till he die from exhaustion than to beat him to death."

With reference to cruelty to the ponies, a writer signing himself "PONY DRIVER," wrote to the "Nottingham Evening Post." :—



“ We drivers get blamed if we ill-use ponies, but what about over-working them? Nothing is said when we are not to blame. In the pit where I work I have known the horse-keeper forbid horses to go out, but when he had gone home the under-manager made a driver take a pony out. When a horse could scarcely walk I have known the driver be compelled to work it. What can the driver do? The stallmen expect to be kept on, and the corporal has to get his share of tubs out or else he has the blame. On the surface when anyone is found working a horse in an unfit state it is not long before he is fined, but underneath it is nothing to work a pony with sores underneath his collar. I am sorry to say that the above is going on to-day.”

“JIMMY O.H.” wrote to the “North Mail,” Newcastle-on-Tyne, asserting that :—

“ If things were properly investigated in many cases the owners of the ponies, and not the lads who use them, would be most deserving of the “ cat,” for the poor animals which some lads have to use are in such a weakened state that to get them to do any work is a thing almost impossible.

“ Some readers may say they should refuse to use the pony. Then the alternative is often 14 days’ notice. My firm belief is that if the inspection of the pit ponies was put into proper working order it would greatly improve the lot of these poor animals, and also reduce the cases of cruelty. There are many forms of cruelty to ponies. We can take a case where a lad badly uses a stubborn pony, and there is a good few of these in some pits. But there is another form : that is where a pony has to work twelve long hours a day pulling 10 cwt. tubs up and down very steep places. To see the lads trying to make these poor animals work the last two or three hours is cruelty indeed, and yet this form of cruelty goes on every day in some mines.”

“E.M.,” wrote to the “Nottingham Guardian” stating :—

“That the boys are the victims of a system, and of threats and language used by mining officials on the staff



to get more coal out of the mine, and consequently more money. The boy and pony have a continual struggle to get along. The pony often gets ill-treated, and the boy, bullied by everybody, loses his temper, and ill-treatment of the pony results."

He further asked: *How is it that the mining officials often know days in advance when the Government Inspector is due?*

He added that the difficulties in the roofing caused sore backs to the ponies, and also sore shoulders, so that the ponies become irritable, and unable to do their proper work. Then they are often worked all night, without a proper rest between.

These are some of the facts connected with the life of the pit pony. It is not desired in any circumstances to bring any general charge of neglect or cruelty against the whole of the managers of the mines, nor against the men and boys as a body, but the truth appears to be that there is a great amount of cruelty to pit ponies, due perhaps, in the first place to the defects of human nature in a class not noted for too much refinement of life, or upbringing, and in the second place, attributable also in part to the "speeding up" in the collieries in the endeavour to get as much coal out as possible. That there are many men working in the mines anxious to reduce the amount of suffering inevitably associated with the use of pit ponies is undoubted, and a healthy public opinion combined with practical work among the boys employed in mines, inculcating principles of humanity to animals, and teaching them to take a great interest in their charges, may affect much good. Both Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. and Mr. Harry Lauder, the well-known Scotch comedian, both of whom have been miners, have testified to the great affection which the ponies showed to them when they were engaged in the workings and of their great desire that these animals should be treated with every possible consideration. And yet, as will be seen by reference to Miss Cole's article, which commences this volume, after being worked out in English mines, and sometimes rendered blind, they are sold to

continental dealers and retailed to veterinary colleges and laboratories for experiments on their poor, work-worn bodies. This is so shameful that I cannot trust myself to write any commentary upon this basest of all mean and base phases of our treatment of animals. But I would gladly smash the whole miserable traffic on this ground alone.

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### PITY THE PIT HORSES.

Down in the darkness, woe is me !  
 Ill doth the poor horse fare ;  
 Even a devil would weep to see  
 All the grim horrors there.  
 This is the man's friend, loving and leal ;  
 But his back's bleeding !  
 See the big tear from his soft eye steal,  
 Wistfully pleading—  
 Pleading for pity, pleading for rest—  
 He is doing his best !

Hell's not so deep, then, after all ;  
 Only a few yards below !  
 Here are the demons, well within call !  
 Demons ! ay, worse, I trow !  
 This is " man's friend," tortured of men !  
 List to his groaning !  
 Down rain the blows, with a kick now and then  
 What of his moaning ?  
 Down in the darkness give him no rest,  
 Though he's doing his best.

Has he no friend in the dreary gloom ?  
 Yes ! he has One—'tis well !

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

This is " man's friend," and shall such things be  
 No ! brothers—never ! [done ?  
 Drag these foul deeds to the light of the sun—  
 Crush them for ever !  
 Treat them full tenderly ; yield him fair rest,  
 Who gives us of his best.

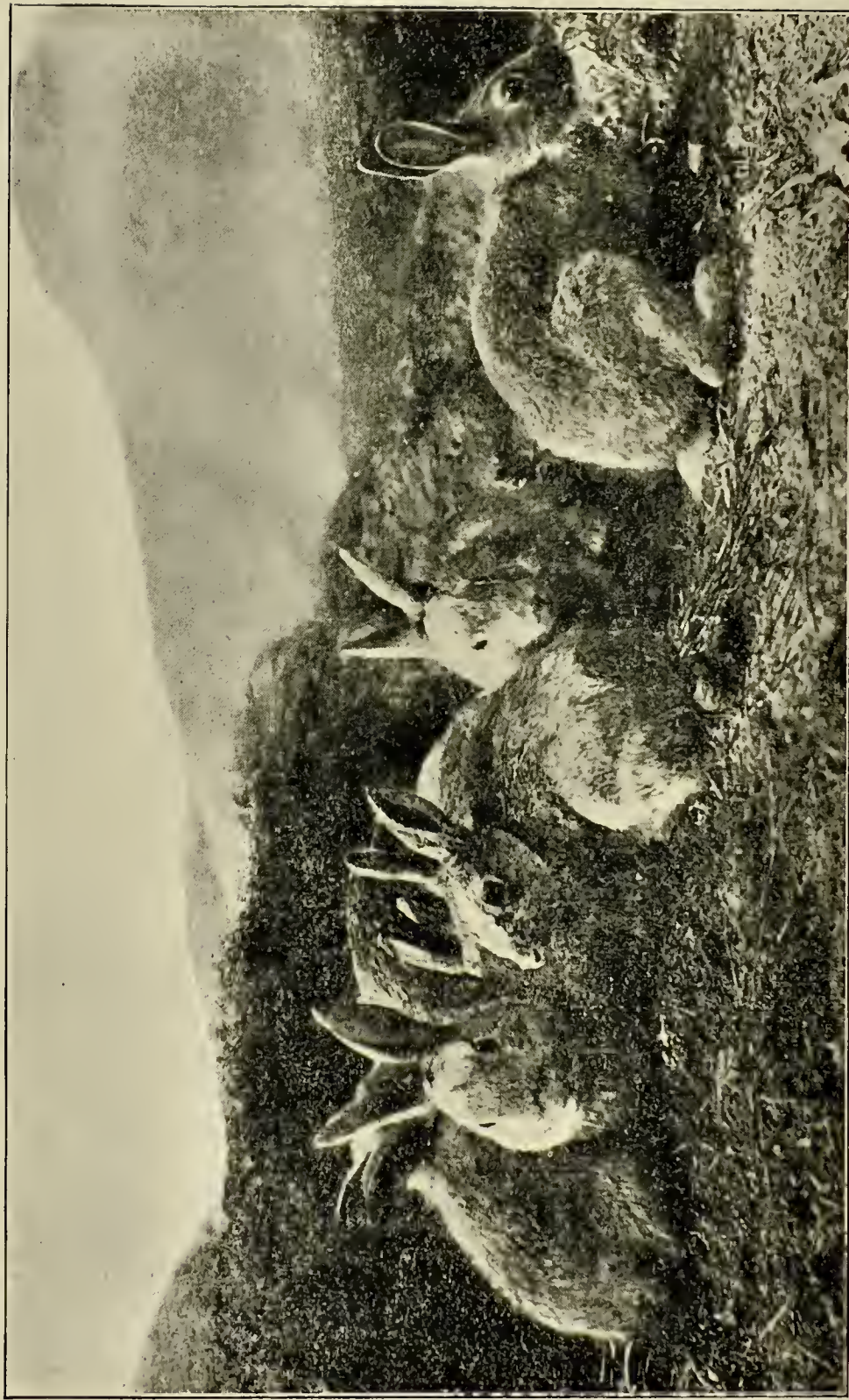
F. B. DOVETON.

TRAPPING.









WILD RABBITS.

(Photo by Charles Reid, Wishaw).



## TRAPPING.

By SIDNEY TRIST.

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“Humanity! If language had belonged to other animals beside man, might they not have chosen that word to express—cruelty?”

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DR. MOORE.

THE trapping of rabbits, and of other animals in all parts of the globe for their furs, is another abuse which calls loudly for reform. There are numerous manufacturers of steel traps, and in the Staffordshire centre of the industry many ingenious but terrifying devices are constructed to enable trappers of any sort of animals to secure their particular prey.

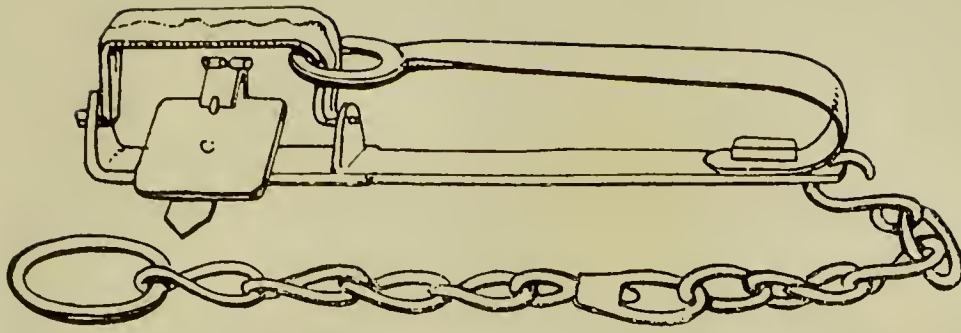
As regards the traps used for snaring wild animals for their furs the “Swiss Journal of Forestry” (*Schweizer Zeitschrift für Forstwesen*, 1906, No. 11) stated that in Germany the so-called “Beast-of-prey-trap” factory at Haynau, Silesia, was swamping every country with the most terrible instruments of torture.

The rabbit, on account of its extreme fecundity, has undoubtedly become a great trial to agriculturists, more particularly in Australia and New Zealand, where its introduction by early English settlers proved to be a very great error of judgment. Wherever the rabbit is found it is apt to increase beyond all bounds, notwithstanding the many enemies in Nature with which it has to contend. But in Australia it found a climate which suited it only too well, with the result that it increased and multiplied to such an extent that it soon totally eclipsed the rabbit population of the old country. In Europe and Australia, although shooting has been resorted to, and wire nooses invented, it became necessary to produce other contrivances for catching the rabbit and reducing its numbers within proper bounds, and it was a Dorset blacksmith who

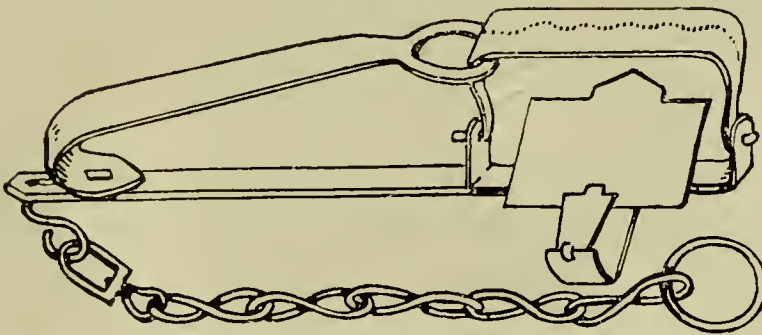
contrived the gin which is now used in enormous quantities throughout the civilised world where rabbits abound. A Wednesfield manufacturer informed the writer many years ago that he alone exported no less than five tons of these traps each week to the Australian Colonies. The Dorset trap, or gin, is a wonderfully neat device, serving admirably the purpose for which it is intended, although fiendishly cruel in operation. It has a treadplate which, when the soft foot of the rabbit is placed upon it, releases a spring which catches the animal, in the vast majority of cases, by its fore-limb. Sometimes the limb will be snapped off half-way up the leg, but in most cases the animal is held by the steel teeth which pierce the fur, oftentimes sever the sinews, and, if they do not snap the leg right off, at least break it and hold the terrified and suffering animal until death or the trapper comes to relieve it. Cases are on record where a stoat has been discovered feasting on the body of the rabbit before life was even extinct.

That the Dorset trap is a merciless and fiendish contrivance there can be no question whatever. A Devonshire farmer once told the writer that he had shot hundreds of rabbits, which, on examination, proved to have only three legs, the fourth leg having been lost months before, in one of these traps.

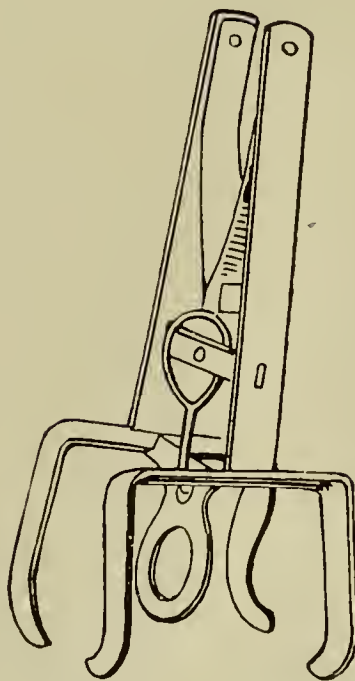
In Australia efforts have been made to kill off the rabbits by the use of poisons and by petrolising the burrows, while of other means adopted to keep them off the growing crops one has been to sink wire fencing some feet below the surface of the soil, and to rear it on standards several feet above the surface; but even this contrivance against inroads has in many cases been circumvented by the rabbits, which have burrowed underneath the wire. It will be seen therefore that man has been engaged in waging a merciless and an uphill fight against these creatures, which appear to defy all efforts to keep them down, for the rabbit is apt to do more harm than is compensated for by anything he may fetch when caught, killed and sold. Recognising, therefore, from a practical



REAL DORSET RABBIT TRAP.



SHAM DORSET RABBIT TRAP.



MOLE TRAP.





point of view, that it is impossible for agriculturists to permit the unlimited increase of the rabbit population, the very serious question is forced upon us of attempting to provide a means for either humanely catching or humanely killing it. The great trouble is that in many cases the traps are not visited as frequently as is desirable, and the rabbit may be detained for many hours, even the whole day, in one of these steel contrivances, suffering in a very terrible manner as the result of the injury it has received. In Australia, where the rabbit is converted into tinned food, which is largely exported, it is not desired that it shall be killed instantaneously when caught, but that it shall be brought quite fresh to the factory, so that it may be killed and prepared for cooking on the spot. I am given to understand that it is desirable from the standpoint of the trade that the rabbit shall not be killed instantaneously and left some hours in the trap before his body is taken out, because it is necessary to expel the water from the body as soon as possible, and this must not remain in after death, otherwise the flesh is affected, and becomes undesirable for food.

In addition to the fiendish cruelty of the steel trap is the gross suffering entailed by the wire snare.

A writer who has had a wide acquaintance with the whole subject, both in the Colonies and in England, thus described his experiences in the "ANIMALS' GUARDIAN":—

"Well acquainted with the different methods practised both at home and in the Australian Colonies, and at one time a bit of a sportsman myself, I don't think I could be charged with oversensitiveness at the sight of blood, or the ordinary inevitable suffering inseparable from the killing of game; but when, some time ago, I happened to come on a rabbit undergoing the agonies of strangulation, and realized the terrible sufferings it was enduring, I confess that I was horrified. The head was swollen to about double its natural size, and the eyes were protruding from the sockets and almost resting on the cheeks. It was, indeed, a harrowing sight, and a startling revelation of what snaring really meant.

“When I had killed it and pressed its eyes in, I felt painfully conscious that the poor thing stretched out before me, at rest now, was but the representative of thousands being done to death in the same way all over the kingdom night and day. What an overwhelming disclosure! What an awful death-dance of the innocents everywhere! Before this my suspicions had been aroused by the appearance of some of the rabbits hanging in an outhouse prepared for the market. The swollen heads and protruding eyes suggested a painful death; and though their appearance was not anything so revolting as that of the living one I have described, there is little room for doubt that they had gone through a similar ordeal.

“Before seeking to awaken the public, as I myself had been awakened, to a sense of the shocking barbarity of this method of taking rabbits, I took the views of several men who were in the habit of snaring and trapping. All admitted the cruelty of the method, and agreed that the effects I had observed were common in the case both of rabbits and of hares. Some seemed to think trapping equally bad. One trapper thought trapping the more cruel; and said that ‘he often wondered that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did not move in the matter.’ But perhaps he judged from the squeals of a trapped rabbit being louder, for they are not hampered for breath in a trap like their fellows in the snare. Another thing he mentioned—and medical men should know if it is likely to be true—‘I never eat,’ he said, ‘a trapped rabbit, because I think they are fevered.’ And truly, when one thinks of them writhing in traps with broken legs for, it may be, many hours, it does not seem at all unlikely. The same idea applies, of course, to snared rabbits—much more, I should say, to them.

“For myself, as regards the relative cruelty of the two methods, I have no hesitation in giving the palm to snaring. I have occasionally taken rabbits out of traps, and I never saw anything in their appearance to indicate suffering beyond what broken legs might be supposed to entail. The snare is very different. I could hardly imagine a more torturing method of



killing rabbits, unless, indeed, torture was the chief object in view. It is easy to imagine how a wild animal, finding its head held fast in a noose, is likely to act :

“ Bunny, for instance, goes merrily hopping along his track when suddenly, feeling something unusual about its neck, it makes a spring, and is thrown by the snare with a jerk to the ground. Then the death-dance begins. Frantically he bounds from side to side, only to be twitched the tighter by the neck and thrown again and again, wriggling and straining and tugging at the wire incessantly until, exhausted and all but strangled, the poor thing pauses in agony for breath, its eyes protruding and its head swollen with blood. Nor can there be any relief, for the noose keeps tight what it gets, and the strain the rabbit naturally puts on accentuates its tightness. How Bunny may comport himself for the rest of the hours of his life that remain (unless he succeeds in strangling himself) I don't know ; but frequently the wire gets twisted round the body and legs of the rabbit, and you can fancy how that must increase its sufferings, especially when it happens that the wire has cut into its neck—a thing that also frequently happens, for the snare is made of thread-like brass wire, a few strands twisted together, and when the noose has been jerked tight to the neck it acts like a saw as it slips round at every jerk and struggle.

“ The traps and snares are supposed to be looked over twice a day, and where a professional trapper is engaged this is usually done (week-ends at times excepted, when their ‘ catch,’ it may be of Saturday night, must endure their painful sufferings till at least Monday morning, unless they succumb before that) ; but in hundreds of cases it is only once a day, and too often, alas ! they are neglected so long that the rabbits are found dead, having paid in full the terrible penalty of being caught, not being relieved of their sufferings by a single hour.

“ Another evil in snaring, as against trapping, is the greater likelihood of the rabbits being missed by the collector, as snares are set all over the ground, while traps are usually placed at the mouths of their holes, and are easily detected when ‘ sprung.’

“ Let me give you another case that, subsequently to the one cited, came under my notice : It was a half-grown rabbit, and though the look of it did not appeal to me as forcibly as that of the other—the little thing being dead—yet the sight told a harrowing enough tale. How long it had been in the snare I cannot say, but there it lay cold and stiff, its eyes normal and its head quite shapely. A fore-leg caught in the noose along with the head was pinioned tight to its neck, which, no doubt, saved it from jerking its eyes out and otherwise accounted for its more sightly appearance. But, poor little Bunny ! one of its hind legs was broken off above the second joint, and the ragged bare bone and torn flesh of the stump spoke pathetically of another very recent painful experience—it had been caught in a trap and left its leg there ! And sometimes Bunny carries the snare away with him—the wire almost embedded in its neck, and twisted, it may be, round one or two legs. When that happens a shocking, lingering death awaits it.

“ A friend, when ferreting last season, shot a rabbit with a snare fixed round it in that way. He said that the rabbit was very emaciated and that there was a white ring of suppuration round the neck, over the wire and also round the fleshy part of a hind leg, round which the wire was twisted. This is altogether too diabolic to be allowed to go on unchallenged. Why, Satan himself, alighting in the midst of these harrowing scenes, and, hearing these cries of distress, could hardly repress a smile as he reflected that civilized humanity behaved like a very devil to the beasts !

“ It is not that the hangman does the dirty work himself. No ; he doesn't put the noose of the wire over Bunny's head and then twitch and jerk and torture the animal to death. But, what is equivalent to doing that, he sets an instrument which makes the rabbit do that work itself, and so become its own horrid executioner.

“ I saw Dr. Pritchard hanged. But it was all over in a minute or two, whereas the snare means, as a rule, for the rabbit, hours of slow strangulation.





TRAPPED! THE RABBIT IS USUALLY CAUGHT BY A FORE LEG.





“ And seeing that I have suggested Satan as a witness against this great evil, may I not be allowed to ask: What of Him ‘ whose tender mercies are over all His works? ’ If He cares for sparrows, is He not as likely to mind how we kill His rabbits? Are these appeals from trap and snare nothing to Him? And shall we not be held responsible for these cruel ways of doing them to death? ”

“ We have surely enough of entailed suffering to regret in the way of sport. Many a man has been turned away from it on that account. We have surely enough to answer for in the slaughtering of beautiful birds and silky-furred animals in order to meet the requirements of our ministering angels! Dark hints come to us at times of horrid things happening in the procuring of seal skins. Men who have been in the trade tell us how sickening the first experiences are. And one writer portrays a little ‘ red thing ’ minus its coat, rising up in the glare of the sun in appeal to its Maker, and asking of Him—‘ Why thus? ’ ”

“ Incidentally I would mention here that when in New Zealand the question of the day was how to deal with the rabbit plague. The wildest ideas were suggested at the meetings of the squatters. Inoculation with the most terrible diseases known to man was talked of, among which small-pox was one of the mildest, but obtained most favour, for it was said to have been tried successfully in Australia. However, no definite plan was arranged, but private enterprise introduced weasels, ferrets, and even, it is said, the mongoose from India, as enemies to keep the rabbits down. And poisoning by strychnine in pieces of turnip, and by a chemical (?) that generated a heavy gas (placed in their holes) was tried for a time. But latterly the country settled down to almost wholly killing them by small packs of dogs, and by shooting in and around the bush. And it was not really a cruel way of catching them, for the dogs were not allowed to tear them. The rabbitier took care of that, because he had to stretch and dry the skins, and only got about half

price for torn ones. As for snaring and trapping, I never knew of snares being used up country, and traps were seldom set. They were both too risky for sheep and dogs as well.

“ You will have some idea of the vastness of the plague when I say that from the Station I was on we sent home 35,000 skins in ten months, and a neighbouring ‘run’ totted up 100,000 for the year. And these figures do not represent the whole ‘kill’ for those periods, as all half grownns were only scalped with the ears as vouchers.

“ I feel that I have very inadequately presented the real facts of this case, for I fail myself to realise at this time the intense repulsiveness of the real thing, as I saw it, when the living demonstration was before me. But my hope is that what I have said may do something to forward the prohibition of this inhuman method of taking rabbits.”

Mr. John H. Walker, of West Calder, has devised what is termed a humane snare, which has an eyelet and a simple knot on the wire, making a perfect stop noose. It thus becomes a “harmless halter,” Mr. Walker claims, after making very careful and extensive trials. These wires can be made for about a half-penny each or can be bought ready-made at 1s. 6d. the dozen.

In the “Humanitarian” for September, 1907, A.C.F. thus described his experiences during a holiday in Cornwall (July-August) :—

“The trap is a formidable-looking machine, made of strong spring steel, with huge serrated jaws. Forty-seven were set one afternoon round one field in as many ‘runs’ or paths made by the rabbits, mostly at the bottom of their ‘jumps,’ where they spring from the moor side to the field within. A small, shallow hole is made with a hoe, the trap is set and placed therein, fine earth is sifted all over to cover it, and an iron peg, attached to the trap with a short length of chain, driven firmly into the ground. These traps were set



about three in the afternoon on the day I went round, and the job took nearly two hours. At ten o'clock at night we went the round for the results. Ten traps had sprung, nine holding rabbits, and one a blackbird. Three of the rabbits had only just been caught, and were squealing piteously, and all were alive and desperately engaged in clawing the ground with their forepaws, stretching the chain to its full limit in their effort to pull themselves free. Nearly all, including the blackbird, had been caught just over the first joint of a leg, the bone was crushed right through, and only the sinews held the captives. By pulling hard it would no doubt be possible to get free at the cost of the broken leg, if exhaustion did not intervene.

“The killing was short and merciful—a sharp, strong pull of the head, with the hind legs held firmly in the left hand, and the rabbit was dead; though one poor beast kicked convulsively for at least five minutes after. The others seemed to die at once. The traps were re-set, and at five the next morning the trapper visited them again. I saw him on his return at seven. He had ten more rabbits, and there were seven legs left in the traps. Either the poor beasts had kicked themselves free (as I am told they often do, and recover, since three-legged rabbits are not at all uncommonly caught again), or foxes had eaten them, attracted by their cries. Of the rabbits caught, quite a number were found to be does carrying young.”

The GROUND GAME ACT of 1880 laid down (Section 6) that no person “shall, for the purpose of killing ground game, employ spring-traps, except in rabbit holes,” or he should be liable to a penalty not exceeding two pounds. Mr. George Dewar, in his book “Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands,” states that gins must now be set in rabbit-holes, or *within 6 feet from the mouth of a rabbit hole*. There is no doubt that many people hold similar views, but, as Mr. George Greenwood, M.P., Barrister-at-Law, points out, this is a complete misapprehension. The Act says nothing about “six feet from the mouth of the rabbit-hole.” It provides that the trap must be set actually in the hole, and the Scotch Courts have decided that it

does not mean merely the scoop, or opening, of the burrow, but "that part of the burrow which is inside the ground and covered by the roof" thereof.

The Act of 1880, with regard to the restrictions as to the setting of gins, applies only to rabbits and hares, and not to stoats, weasels, squirrels, foxes, hedgehogs, jays, magpies, or even cats and dogs. If the traps were set within the mouth of the burrow and under the roof of it much suffering would be spared to other creatures for whom the trap is not (supposed to be) set. For further information on "The Law of the Steel Trap" readers are referred to Mr. George Greenwood's pamphlet on that question issued by the Humanitarian League. But it is desirable meanwhile in the interests of other creatures that the law shall be more strictly enforced with regard to the placing of the traps within the burrow and not outside, or anywhere, as is frequently done.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in one of his celebrated Wessex novels thus describes the fate of a trapped rabbit:—

"He was aroused by a shrill squeak that had been familiar enough to him when he lived at Marygreen. It was the cry of a rabbit caught in a gin. As was the little creature's habit, it did not soon repeat its cry; and probably would not do so more than once or twice, but would remain, bearing its torture, till the morrow when the trapper would come and knock it on the head."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome (The well-known Author and Dramatist), has also written in denunciation of the cruelty associated with trapping. He says:—

"From time to time protest is made in the press against the cruelty of the spring trap for the snaring of hares and rabbits. The other day my dog got caught in one of these traps, and I was thus led to make a careful examination of the instrument. I experimented with a dead rabbit. The teeth of the trap pass through the flesh and fasten to the bone, crushing it but not breaking it. I then tried placing my own finger within, allowing the trap to close upon it gently. I must ask you to believe that



I am fairly plucky at bearing pain. I have had my share of it in various forms, and from those who know me I could confidently ask for a testimonial on this point. I allowed my finger to remain there for three minutes by my watch. For my purpose this was sufficient, and I saw no practical good in sustaining longer what I have no hesitation in describing as excruciating suffering. If any reader thinks I am employing exaggerated language, I am prepared to listen to him after he has tried a similar experiment. The suffering increases with every second. An almost intolerable aching spreads over the whole body. The limb itself becomes one burning centre of pain ; you long to tear it off. If this be the result of three minutes, imagine three hours—thirty hours. And to this, remember, in the case of the rabbit must be added the agony of the torn flesh and the crushed bone. I say nothing of the terror, nothing of the thirst and hunger that must creep upon the animal left sometimes in these traps for days and nights. I wish to confine myself to points that admit of no argument. Life in the country to those cursed with the slightest feelings of sympathy, is made wretched by the thought of all this suffering going on around them. These traps are sold by the ten thousand, and the pitiful screams of their victims are common sounds during a country walk. I am prepared to be denounced as a humanitarian. My farming and preserving neighbours when I speak to them on the subject only grin. One sympathetic listener I have found, a sturdy old gamekeeper, who tells me that some years ago he had the ill luck to let a trap he was setting go off upon his own hand. The mark of the wound is there to this day, and never since has he been able to bring himself to set one for any living creature. There are other ways of keeping down these unhappy little brothers of ours without torturing them for hours as a playful preliminary. . . . Is there no clergyman in the country of sufficient courage to risk offending the gallant yeomen of his congregation by denouncing their brutality ?

An incident illustrating in a terrible fashion the cruelties of the steel trap was reported from Leedstown (Cornwall), in



September 1907. A trapper was going his rounds when he came upon a rabbit nursing its young while it was held securely fast in a steel trap. In order to do this it had to turn over on its side and suffer excruciating pains, as both its fore legs were broken and bleeding in the teeth of the trap.

W. Stillwell, an ex-gamekeeper, writing from 6, Courtlands Terrace, Goring, Sussex, August 15th, 1906, to the "Worthing Mercury," August 25th, said :—

"Having read the very interesting letter of Mr. Sidney Trist in your last issue, I wish to state, being a late gamekeeper, that it is high time more humane measures were taken for the trapping of rabbits, as many poor victims are legless with the old steel traps, which are, as a rule, very stiff in the springs. When the rabbits get in, very often they get their legs cut off, and have to suffer great agony for weeks."

"ROUALEYN" wrote to the "Daily Mail," May 21st, 1907 :—

"If others lived, as I do, in a game preserving country, and could see the misery caused by snaring and trapping wild rabbits, the legs cut to the bone by wire snares or broken by wire traps, they would support the less cruel practice of shooting. Not a season passes but I have one or more pet cats allowed to drag themselves home to be mercifully killed."

In the "Daily Record," Glasgow, May 18th, 1907, the Rev. H. G. M'Kenzie (Millbrook) wrote :—

"While passing through a wood I noticed a young rabbit caught in a large iron trap. Both the hind legs were held between the jagged teeth of the snare, and were torn and smashed. In this horrible condition of pain the poor little animal, which was still quite alive, had evidently been struggling for some hours."

Mr. BASIL TOZER wrote in the "Daily Mirror" (London), February 24th, 1913 :—

“I was rabbit shooting in Essex some days ago when we came upon a jackdaw caught by a steel trap set in a tree. The bird was hanging head downwards, with both legs broken, and, to judge by its emaciated condition, it must have been there at least two days.”

Miss E. M. CHAMBERS (Westminster) has written to *The Animals' Guardian* this year :—

“Only a few months ago a baby rabbit crossed my path (a grassy one) and as it didn't hurry when I called ‘Bunny bunny!’ I picked it up and sat it in the hollow of my arm, stroking its head and thinking what a delightful little pet it would make. (I had done the same thing before with pleasure to myself and no harm to a lively little creature that afterwards ran away merrily.)

“However, in a minute or two, I became conscious of an appalling smell, and discovered to my horror that the poor mite's hind legs were modifying in consequence of having been crushed in a trap. I wished that I knew how to kill it promptly; unfortunately, all I could do was to put it down near the mouth of a rabbit burrow.

“I did once and once only allow a gin to be set for rats in my garden. That evening I heard an indignant chattering on the part of the sparrows; and next morning found a poor tame robin which had been tempted by an apple core thrown accidentally under the gin, which had caught him by the feet and held him till he was frozen hard with outspread wings! and, of course, nobody can keep a cat many months without its getting horribly crushed or deprived of a paw by a gin; though it happens so often that the cat simply disappears, the trappers having found it and killed it on the spot.”

The appalling cruelty described in the above statements is going on every day and night throughout many months of the year. How terribly this general prevalence of injury and suffering contrasts with William Blake's description of our sweet English country-side, with its green fields enclosed by

hedgerows, where the domesticated animals and the birds, rabbits and others have their being?

“ . . . green fields and happy grove,  
“ Where flocks have took delight,  
“ Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
“ The feet of angels bright ;  
    “ Unseen they pour blessing,  
    “ And joy without ceasing,  
    “ On each bud and blossom  
    “ And each sleeping bosom.”

And this beautiful picture and poetic vision is marred by the cruel warfare man pursues towards the creatures who share with him the travail of life !

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ANIMAL FURS  
FOR  
HUMAN  
CLOTHING.



# ANIMAL FURS FOR HUMAN CLOTHING.

By J. E. ELLAM

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I have observed that before men can be gentle and broad-minded with each other, they are always gentle and broad-minded about beasts. The dumb things, so beautiful (even the plain ones) in their different ways, and so touching in their dumbness, do draw us to magnanimity, and help the wings of our hearts to grow. No, I don't think I exaggerate, my friend; God knows I don't want to! . . . But I feel—I seem to know that most of us, deep down, really love these furred and feathered creatures that cannot save themselves from us—that are like our own children, because they are helpless; that are in a way sacred, because in them we watch, and through them we understand, those greatest blessings of the earth—Beauty and Freedom. They give us so much; they ask nothing from us. What can we do in return but spare them all the suffering we can? No, my friend, I do not think—whether for their sakes or our own—that I exaggerate.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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WHAT is civilization? It may be answered: Simply the perfection of tools. When we reflect upon it, we must admit the truth of what has also been said, that man is a tool-using animal, and that, in all other essentials, there is little or nothing to distinguish the most highly civilized human being from the simpler savage. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the civilized man is really any more mild, more gentle, more humane, at bottom, than his savage brother, seeing that many of his most ingenious "tools" are designed solely with a view to the wholesale slaughter of his own and other species of beings.

It is certain that modern, civilized man succeeds in destroying many beautiful and harmless forms of life in a far more ruthless



fashion than even the savage could achieve. Primitive peoples, however, only kill under stress of necessity, for food or for raiment, having practically no alternative. They seldom kill wantonly. But this, unfortunately, cannot be said of our civilized selves. When we consider the cruel field sports, the battues indulged in by persons who have no use whatever for the things which they have hunted to death, or shot in cold blood, merely for the pleasure of the thing, we must feel ashamed of our civilization, and ashamed of ourselves. The brutal cowardice of all "blood" sports is obvious to anyone with any spark of humanity who will only reflect a little.

Taking of life there must be, we grant, where there is need of animal food, or for the preservation of human life; otherwise it is indefensible. Where the killing is necessary, let it be as speedy, as merciful and as painless as possible. The lower animals have just claims upon our consideration; to be permitted to enjoy their lives as Nature intends. That we should take their lives wantonly, for the sake of mere amusement, is an immorality disgraceful to our humanity. The slaughter proceeds on a still larger scale when vanity and greed are flung into the balance. How many beautiful species have been utterly destroyed, or are in imminent danger of extinction as the result?

It may be taken as a positive fact that the more valuable fur-bearing animals are being so rapidly reduced that we are in view of their early disappearance. One naturalist, indeed, has hazarded the opinion that we are near the time when there shall be few mammals at all left save domestic cattle, rats, mice and rabbits, and few birds save farm yard poultry, and the ubiquitous sparrow! Not to overstate the case, however, no animal lover, no student of wild life, no naturalist can contemplate what is going on without serious misgivings.

To take the seals, no one who has knowledge of these animals but must regret, not only their ruthless slaughter, but the manner of it. Those who have kept pet seals are aware of their curious and pathetic affection. And those who have studied them in

their wild state can testify to their quaint habits and their affection for their young, yet they are the subjects of wholesale butchery, so that many once populous "rookeries" are now empty, and others are in danger of becoming so.

Professor Jordan says that "the destruction of seals during the month of August, 1896, was murderous, and that the restrictions which were imposed upon it by the treaty are insufficient. If the destruction of these animals shall continue, their complete extermination within a few years appears to be certain. The cruelty of this murderous process is appalling." And, further: "since pelagic sealing began more than 600,000 fur seals have been taken in the North Pacific and in Bering Sea. This means the death of not less than 400,000 breeding females, the starvation of 300,000 pups, and the destruction of 400,000 pups still unborn." Nor do these dreadful figures tell the whole story. Professor Jordan continues: "In this calculation, account is taken only of those of which the skins have been brought to America. No record of the animals lost after being shot or speared is available, though the number is known to be very great." His conclusion is that any *effective* settlement of the fur-seal question which is intended to prevent the extermination of the whole race must provide for an absolute cessation of the indiscriminate killing of fur seals both on the feeding grounds and during their migrations. The "close season," from May 1st to July 31st, during which the killing of seals in Bering Sea was prohibited under the treaty, does not meet the necessities of the case. Professor Jordan maintains that there can be no open season for the killing of females if the herd is to be kept intact.\*

Legislation, however, touches but timidly any industry yielding huge profits. The present legislation does not go far enough, nor will it go far enough in itself. An awakened public opinion will go further, and will be sufficient.

The methods of slaughter, as described by responsible wit-

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\* "Our Animal Friends," March, 1897, from a Report of Professor Starr Jordan.



nesses, are horrible. Captain Borchgrevink, in the *Century Magazine* of January, 1896, says that *it is easier to skin a seal when it is half alive!*

In an article entitled "The Lives of some Deep-Sea People," by Frank T. Bullen, which appeared in the "Sunday at Home" a few years ago, the following passage occurs: "I do not propose to harrow my reader's souls by describing the methods of slaying seals for market, not only for the valuable seal skins which adorn our ladies in winter, but for the oil and leather. It is a sordid, horrible business which cannot be written about nicely. There is a grim and bloody reality about it that horrifies. For my part, I shall never forget Burn Murdock's cry of horror in his book 'Edinburgh to the Antarctic' where he speaks of the newly-flayed seal lifting itself redly towards Heaven in the glowing sunshine as if asking its Maker why this should be."\*

Not that this unspeakable thing can be said to happen every time. But the killing is sufficiently brutal, in the nature of cold-blooded murder. Can it be wondered at that it leads to the degrading of those who do the deadly work, or that they grow utterly callous and indifferent to any suffering they may inflict on these defenceless animals?

"Lady with the hundred guinea sealskin coat," says Frank T. Bullen, "know for a certainty that the men who looked death between the eyes, and brutalised themselves lower than the shark, to wrench that coat of furs from its rightful owner, got less than a hundred pence for so doing. The bulk of the money went to the city magnates and full-fed speculators who never gave its origin a second thought."

In these words we have indicated to us the inspiration of the whole brutal and bloody business—vanity and greed.

The tale of cruelty and horror extends throughout the whole animal world. Some of its worst chapters concern the trapping of the smaller fur animals. The common steel trap is surely

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\* *Animals' Guardian*, September, 1904.



the most diabolical invention that the mind of man could conceive. The horrible tortures to which the wild things of our own woods and fields are subjected every day, and especially every night, are unspeakable. There are other forms of traps almost as inhuman, such as the sliding pole and the spring pole. Often poison is used, strychnine, which causes an agonising death.

It is astonishing how man can live in the wilds without realising the essential kinship between himself and his "little brothers" lower down the scale; how he can avoid observing the semi-human characteristics which so many of them possess. Yet it is so, otherwise few would be found to take up the murderous trade of the fur hunter. It is amazing, too, how people will take everything as a matter of course, never dreaming or stopping to think of the possible origins of things. Were this not so there would be a rapid change both in our social relations and in our relations towards the animal world. But there are those who come to reflect, and to realise. Sometimes they have it forced upon them, as was the case with Pierre Loti, of whom it is narrated by the French correspondent of "The Academy," in his Paris letter:—"Pierre Loti is, we know, an incorrigible sentimentalist, but a recent pretty little article of his in the 'Figaro' against hunting and shooting poor live things for the iniquitous pleasure of man, conveys a solid truth. However we may veil it, it is a hideous and barbarous amusement, and we shall only begin to be civilised the day we agree to leave forest creatures in peace. Loti paints with his delicate and piteous touch a scene where, for his pleasure, he shoots a young monkey:—

" ' When I picked it up it still lived, but with life too feeble to attempt any resistance. Like a dead thing it let itself be taken, its pinched little lips trembled, and its eyes of a child looked into mine with an unforgettable expression of agony, of terror and reproach. Then up rose before me all the stupid horror of what I had just done. I held it lying in my arms, and caressed with infinite precaution its dying head. The other

two, whose little one I had killed, screamed in the tree above, grinding their teeth, divided between the fear of being also killed and their wish all the same to scratch and bite me. Its forehead resting against my breast, it died, the little monkey, in almost an attitude of confidence, in the position of a small child. And never did I feel with such an exasperation that need which often seizes me to cast obloquy upon myself. 'Brute!' I cried between my clenched teeth. 'Oh, stupid brute!''

One who has followed the wild creatures to their native haunts armed with no weapons more deadly than a camera and a good pair of field glasses, comes to know, to understand and to love each beast and bird. Such an one cannot but be filled with an inexpressable sadness when he thinks of the ruthless slaughter represented by the millions of skins which find their way into the English markets alone each year. To such an one there arises, behind each seal skin jacket, a vision of "The red carcass that sat up and looked at itself," or, according to the species of fur, of other horrible modes of death commonly inflicted. Would that each owner of such skins could have a like vision every time they are worn !

The utter barbarity of the fur trade is enough to condemn it, once the facts are known. The trouble is that they are not so well known as they ought to be. Thus the writer ventures to appeal to each reader to help in spreading this knowledge. If public opinion can only be brought to consider the wearing of feathers and furs as being at least "bad taste," the battle will be won, and many species of beautiful birds and animals saved from the extinction which now threatens them.

J. E. ELLAM.



## BUTCHERED ALMOST TO EXTINCTION.

Since the foregoing article was written further information has come to hand. To preserve the seals from speedy extinction it has been found necessary to take immediate action. Russia, England, Japan and America have agreed to suspend sealing in the open sea for fifteen years and sealing on land for five years. The need for this close season is explained in the May (1913) issue of *The North American Review* by George Archibald Clark (Special Investigator for the Department of Commerce and Labor, United States Government):—

“ Pelagic sealing proved very destructive to the herd. It respected neither sex nor condition of the animals found, and the catch fell principally upon the gravid and nursing females, the latter taken upon the summer feeding-grounds in Bering Sea ; for, when the migration route of the seals had been covered, the sealers entered Bering Sea and lay in wait for the mother seals as they visited the fishing-banks one or two hundred miles distant from the islands for the purpose of feeding. As a result of the death of the mother the dependent young starved to death on the rookeries. In the fall of 1896 sixteen thousand fur-seal pups died of starvation on the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George islands.

## WANTON SLAUGHTER.

“ As pelagic sealing developed through the increasing number of ships, its catch grew from 8,000 at the beginning to a maximum of 140,000 in 1894 ; but this could not last, and with the declining herd the pelagic catch also began to decline. In the season of 1911, the last of the industry, the catch numbered about 15,000 skins. From the known catch of the sealing fleets and from conservative estimates as to animals killed but not recovered, it is apparent that more than a million breeding female fur seals and a like number of unborn and dependent



young were destroyed during the thirty odd years the pelagic industry has been in operation. The result is the depleted condition in which we find the herd to-day. Our best information places the number of animals in the herd at the time we took it over from Russia in 1867 at between two and three millions. It numbers to-day about 215,000."

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MAN OF THE RED RIGHT HAND.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Man with the Red Right Hand knelt in the night and prayed :  
 “ Pity and spare, O God, the mortal whom thou has made !  
 Strengthen the house he builds, adorn his glad roof-tree,  
 Blessing the bloody spoil he gathers on earth and sea !  
 The bird and the beast are blind, and they do not understand,  
 But lo ! thy servant kneels ! ” said Man with the Red Right Hand.

God went by in the Storm, and answered never a word,  
But the birds of the air shriek'd loud, and the beasts of the mountain  
And the dark sad flocks of the Sea and the Sea-lambs, gentle-eyed,  
Wail'd from their oozy folds, and the mild Sea-kine replied,  
And the pity of God fell down like darkness on sea and land,  
But froze to ice in the heart of Man with the Red Right Hand.

Then up he rose from his knee and brandish'd the crimson knife,  
Saying : " I thank Thee, God, for making me Lord of Life !  
The beasts and the birds are mine, and the flesh and blood of the  
Baptized in the blood of these, I gladden and praise thy name !  
Laden with spoils of life thy servant shall smiling stand ! "

And out on the Deep he hied, this Man with the Red Right Hand.

Afar on the lonely isles the cry of the slaughtered herds  
Rose on the morning air, to the scream of the flying birds,  
And the birds fell down and bled with pitiful human cries,  
And the butcher'd lambs of the Sea lookt up with pleading eyes,  
And the blood of birds and beasts was red on sea and land  
And drunk with the joy of Death was Man with the Red Right Hand.

And the fur of the slain sea-lamb was a cloak for his bride to wear,  
And the broken wing of the bird was set in his leman's hair,  
And the flesh of the ox and lamb were food for his brood to eat,  
And the skin of the mild Sea-kine was shoon on his daughter's feet !  
And the cry of the slaughtered things was loud over sea and land  
As he knelt once more and prayed, upraising his Red Right Hand.

“ Pity me, Master and Lord ! spare me and pass me by,  
Grant me Eternal Life, though the beast and the bird must die !  
Behold I worship thy Law, and gladden in all thy ways,  
The bird and the beast are dumb, but behold I sing thy praise.  
The bird and the beast are blind, and they do not understand,  
But lo, I see and know ! ” said Man with the Red Right Hand.

God went by in the Storm, and answered never a word,  
But deep in the soul of Man the cry of God was heard ;  
“ Askest thou pity, *thou*, who ne'er drew pitying breath ?  
Askest thou fulness of life, whose life is built upon death ?  
Even as thou metest to these, thy kin of the sea and land,  
Shall it be meted to *thee*, O Man of the Red Right Hand !

“ When thou namest bird and beast, and blessest them passing by,  
When thy pleasure is built no more on the pain of things that die,  
When thy bride no longer wears the spoil of thy butcher's knife,  
Perchance thy prayer may reach the ears of the Lord of Life ;  
Meantime, be slain with the things thou slayest on sea and land,—  
Yea, pass in thy place like those, O Man with the Red Right Hand ! ”

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MISS HARRIETT JAY, sister-in-law of the poet.*



THEIR  
INALIENABLE  
CLAIM.



## THEIR INALIENABLE CLAIM.

BY SIDNEY TRIST.

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“Animals are degraded into the class of things. Their interests are neglected by Jurists. Slaves have been emancipated, but the Animal Creation are Slaves still. The day may come when the rest of the Animal Creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withholden from them but by the hand of tyranny. . . . The question is not, Can they *reason*? nor, Can they *talk*, but, Can they *suffer*?”

JEREMY BENTHAM.

“The ethical side of this matter turns wholly upon the consideration—Are we justified in putting them to the torture under any circumstances? Now, I say we are not justified, in my opinion, in putting them to the torture, and I do believe that the great bulk of wholesome-minded people, when they have this matter brought before their attention, would concur in that opinion.”—LORD LOREBURN, Ex-Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

“I find it absolutely inconceivable that He (God) should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truths, which it is His will that we should master, only through the unutterable agonies of beings which trust in us.”—The LATE DR. WESTCOTT, Bishop of Durham.

“I believe that this practice panders to the very lowest part of human nature, which is our selfishness engendered by fear. There is nothing on God’s earth that is so brutally cruel as fear. And when they excite our terrors, and then pander to this fear that they have excited, and tell us by the exhibition of a certain amount of necessary cruelty they will be able to relieve us, they are degrading the human race.”  
—ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

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EVERY fanatic is an idealist, but the same cannot be said of every human being. The agitation against experiments on animals is regarded by some very worthy persons as merely a sentimental explosion of hysterical fanaticism. It is just as well,



however, that we should keep a level head on this question, and try to see things as they really are without prejudice. With few exceptions the great majority of intelligent and educated people are agreed that wanton cruelty is not permissible at this stage of developed civilization. The majority of British physiologists are anxious for it to be understood that they could not sanction cruelty in any shape or form, and a large proportion of the public is led to believe that such a thing as cruelty does not exist, because they have been assured that all possible means are adopted to save animals from suffering. Occasionally one meets a medical-scientist who honestly admits that suffering, sometimes great suffering, is associated with the practice.

The vivisectors and their defenders may be placed in the following categories:—

1. Those who say that there is practically no suffering, because of the use of anæsthetics, and because it is not permissible under the regulations of the Home Office, which administers The Vivisection Act of 1876.

[This leaves out of account the fact that the experimenter is practically uninspected, and that he works behind closed doors and has practically a free hand].

2. Those who frankly admit that great suffering is caused, that painful experiments have been carried out, and that even cruelty has resulted.

3. Those who claim that an experimenter is entitled to push his experiments to the uttermost limits, no matter what the suffering involved; that he is the sole judge of the suffering, and that the pain, though great, is not "cruel" because it is for science.

Now to properly appreciate the question of experiments on animals we need to get at the inner mind of the physiologist and his defenders, to read the inner meaning of this particular cult. For this purpose one naturally examines the views of the reputable representatives of the system. Take the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Medical Registrar of London University, a man of the highest intellectual and scientific qualifications.

Take also the views of Dr. Pembrey, reared in the Oxford Physiological Laboratory, and now at the head of the Physiological Laboratory of Guy's Hospital, London. He has been, and is at present for all I know to the contrary, duly licensed by the Home Secretary to carry out experiments on living animals. I quote their views, so that one may get a right estimate of the position. We can put aside the excuses of physiologists for the practice; we want the bald truth, fresh from the inner mind of the honest man, and not the subtle soporifics administered by the literary apologists of the practice.

The following is what Dr. Carpenter said in answer to questions at the Royal Commission of 1875-6:—

*Question:* "Would you put any limit on the painful character of the experiments to be made for a scientific purpose?"

*Answer:* I should certainly justify the infliction of any amount of pain for a sufficient scientific purpose, etc. (Q. 5603).

"I have myself seen in certain instances a perfect callousness to animal suffering before the introduction of anæsthetics. I will not mention names, but I have seen a callousness which very strongly repelled me, and this when important experiments were being performed. But that, I think, does not constitute any adequate reason against the performance of well considered experiments with a definite object." (Answer to question 5627.)

Now we get the views of Dr. Pembrey, over thirty years later. These are points taken from his verbatim evidence reported by the Royal Commission of 1906-12:—

"I think one ought to recognise that pain is not the supreme evil, as one of your witnesses maintained. Pain, I maintain, from the Physiological point of view, is a protective mechanism and the modern idea of trying to abolish all pain is absolutely absurd. Pain, then, is a protective mechanism, and I maintain that we are becoming so over civilised that we run a danger in our attempts to abolish pain of doing an immense amount of harm.\* Take for example the extent to which anæsthetics are now used in cases of midwifery, ordinary cases of delivery."

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\* Dr. Pembrey must have lost sight here of the plea of many of his brother vivisectors that if they have caused pain to animals it is only because they wish to save pain to the higher race, the human.



The Chairman, Viscount Selby, a lawyer, then asked: "Is this an argument to show that there is no occasion for anæsthetics," and Dr. Pembrey replied:—

"This is an argument to show that a commonsense view should be taken of this question, and that pain must be admitted. I admit that I have done painful experiments and I am not ashamed of admitting it. *They are absolutely necessary.* I want to show that pain is part of the scheme of nature, and that we must recognise its existence."

Dr. Pembrey then had an argument with the Chairman, and contended that the pain felt by an animal under operation was "protective." He proceeded to lay down this proposition, which I commend, in view of his previous utterances, to the careful attention of all those who believe that there is no more pain in experiments than the prick of a pin, and that physiologists without exception have neither desire nor object in causing pain. Dr. Pembrey said: "I think we ought to be given a license to cover all experiments. I think that the Act (1876) is entirely antagonistic to the advancement of physiology. If we were given a license for all experiments there would be no more cruelty." He amplified this by adding: "I mean without any conditions, without any limitation at all. I think there should be no limit, that is to say, that recognised physiologists should be given a license to cover all experiments without anæsthetics, or with anæsthetics, without reference to any conditions at all." He pointed out, further, "of course this should be subject to inspection." He further stated that he could not see any difference between physical and mental pain from a physiological point of view. In reply to the Chairman, he expressed the view that there were cases in which pain would not be protective unless the pain was enough to produce syncope (a fainting fit). In reply to Sir William Collins, who asked him this question—"Did I rightly gather that in your opinion anæsthetics are unnecessary?" he replied, "Yes, I am convinced that they are often unnecessary, not only in the case of animals, but of men." He amplified this by adding, "For



vivisection and for surgical operation, and I mentioned the case of midwifery.”

The evidence of Dr. Pembrey\* must be read in connection with that of Dr. Emmanuel Klein† at the sittings of the previous Royal Commission (1875-6) :

*Chairman*: “What is your practice with regard to the use of anæsthetics in experiments that are otherwise painful?”

*Dr. Klein*: “Except for teaching purposes for demonstration, I never use anæsthetics where it is not necessary for convenience. If I demonstrate I use anæsthetics. If I do experiments for my own enquiries in pathological research, except for convenience sake, as for instance on dogs and cats, I do not use them. On frogs and the lower animals I never use them.”

*Question*: “When you say that you only use them for convenience sake, do you mean that you have no regard at all to the sufferings of animals?” *Answer*: “No regard at all.”

\*“The evidence of Dr. Pembrey calls for special remark. He propounded to the Commission a theory of his own, to the effect that pain from the physiological point of view is a protective mechanism, and is in that sense beneficent, and that, therefore, the modern idea of trying to abolish all pain is absolutely absurd. On the other hand, Dr. Pembrey stated that while he thought it right to inflict pain on animals he thought it not right to inflict unnecessary pain, and he claimed to be the judge of what was painful or not. He stated that he had performed painful experiments upon animals, both in Germany and in this country, because he regarded them as absolutely necessary. . . . He deprecated the frequent employment of anæsthetics alike in vivisection of animals, in surgery, and in midwifery. He considered that their use was often liable to introduce complications into an experiment, and that it would be wiser to allow some operations for which anæsthetics are not required to be performed without anæsthetics. He explained that in his opinion if an animal is bound down on its back it often passes into a condition of hypnotism, and that in that condition anæsthetics could be dispensed with, and from such experiments made by him in Germany he held that animals so treated do not appear to feel pain even without an anæsthetic. We think that Dr. Pembrey’s . . . position . . . is untenable, and in our opinion absolutely reprehensible.”

†“Our attention has also been repeatedly directed to statements made by Dr. Klein, before the former Royal Commission in 1875. Reference was made to the evidence formerly given by him, and to the fact that he has nevertheless since held a license and certificates, and holds them still, and has done much work for Government departments . . . . but it appears to us that to grant a license or certificates to any person holding such views as those formerly expressed by Dr. Klein, and as those entertained by Dr. Pembrey, is calculated to create serious misgiving in the minds of the public.”

FROM THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON VIVISECTION, 1912.

*Question*: "You are prepared to establish that as a principle which you approve?" *Answer*: "I think that with regard to an experimenter, a man who conducts special research, and performs an experiment, he has no time, so to speak, for thinking what will the animal feel or suffer. His only purpose is to perform the experiment, to learn as much from it as possible, and to do it as quickly as possible."

*Question*: "Then for your own purposes you disregard entirely the question of the suffering of the animal in performing a painful experiment?" *Answer*: "I do."

*Question*: "Why do you regard it then when it is for a demonstration?" *Answer*: "Because I know that there is a great deal of feeling against it in this country, and when it is not necessary one should not perhaps act against the opinion or the belief of certain individuals of the auditorium. One must take regard of the feelings and opinion of those people before whom one does the experiment."

*Question*: "Then am I wrong in attributing to you that you separate yourself entirely from the feeling which you observe to prevail in this country in regard to humanity to animals?"

*Answer*: "I separate myself as an investigator from myself as a teacher."

*Question*: "But in regard to your proceedings as an investigator, you are prepared to acknowledge that you hold as entirely indifferent the suffering of the animal which is subjected to your investigation?" *Answer*: "Yes."

*Question*: "Do you believe that that is a general practice on the Continent, to disregard altogether the feelings of the animals?" *Answer*: "I believe so."

*Question*: "But you believe that, generally speaking, there is a very different feeling in England?" *Answer*: "Not among the physiologists; I do not think there is."

EVID. ROY. COM. (LONDON, 1876), Q. 3,538-53.

Dr. Klein is of Austro-Jewish descent, but he has spent nearly the whole of his professional life in England, having been associated with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

But let us get at the views of other physiologists. Science is not racial or national; it is international and cosmopolitan.



Scientists of various countries elect each other to positions of honour in their various scientific bodies, they check each other's results, they repeat each other's experiments, they learn in each other's schools. Dr. Klein was from Vienna; Dr. Pembrey and Sir Frederic Treves have experimented in Germany in order to carry out investigations on living animals not permissible under the mild restrictions of English law. Dr. Crile, of America, has experimented at University College, London. Let us take the views of the eminent de Cyon, Professor of Physiology at the University of St. Petersburg:

"The true vivisector must approach a difficult vivisection with the same joyful excitement, with the same delight, with which a surgeon undertakes a difficult operation, from which he expects extraordinary consequences. He who shrinks from cutting into a living animal, he who approaches a vivisection as a disagreeable necessity, may very likely be able to repeat one or two vivisections, but will never become an artist in vivisection. He who cannot follow some fine nerve-thread, scarcely visible to the naked eye, into the depths, if possible sometimes tracing it to a new branching, with joyful alertness for hours at a time; he who feels no enjoyment when at last, parted from its surroundings and isolated, he can subject that nerve to electrical stimulation: or when, in some deep cavity, guided only by the sense of touch of his finger-ends, he ligatures and divides an invisible vessel—to such a one there is wanting that which is most necessary for a successful vivisector. The pleasure of triumphing over difficulties held hitherto insuperable is always one of the highest delights of the vivisector. And the sensation of the physiologist when from a gruesome wound, full of blood and mangled tissue, he draws forth some delicate nerve-branch, and calls back to life a function which was already extinguished—this sensation has much in common with that which inspires a sculptor, when he shapes forth fair living forms from a shapeless mass of marble."—Cyon's *Methodik* (1876), p. 15.

Here we get the real enthusiast, lost to everything but his experiment. To such a person pain and suffering must be a



side issue—a mere detail with which he cannot trouble himself, as his whole attention is centred on the main idea.

Then take the revelation of Dr. V. Smidovich, in his book, “The Confessions of a Physician,” translated by Simeon Linden, published by Grant Richards, London, 1904, in which he quotes from the memoirs of Pirigoff, an eminent Russian medical man :—

“In my younger days I was pitiless to suffering. One day, as I remember, this indifference to the agony of animals undergoing vivisection struck me with such force that, with my knife in my hand, I involuntarily exclaimed, turning to the comrade who was assisting me: ‘Why, at this rate one might cut a man’s throat,’ Yes, much can be said in favour of and against Vivisection. There can be no doubt that it is an important aid to science. . . . But science does not entirely fill the life of man; the enthusiasm of youth and the ripeness of manhood pass, and another period of life ensues, and with it an inner call for introspection; and it is then that the recollection of the violence used upon, the tortures inflicted on, and the sufferings caused another creature commence to pull at one’s heart-strings involuntarily. *It seems to have been the same with the great Haller; so it was with me, I must confess;* and in these latter years I would never be able to bring myself to perform the same cruel experiments upon animals which at one time I carried out so zealously and with such nonchalance.”

Professor Theophilus Parvin, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in delivering the Presidential Address before the American Academy of Medicine, sitting in the City of Washington, a few years ago, referred to vivisection, and asserted that there were investigators “who seem, seeking useless knowledge, to be blind to the writhing agony, and deaf to the cry of pain of their victims, and who have been guilty of the most abominable cruelties, without the denunciation of the public and of the profession that their wickedness deserves and demands. These criminals are not confined to Germany or France, to England or Italy, but may be found in our own country.”

Prof. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, wrote in "Les Annales," Paris, April, 1908:

"I know eminent physiologists who decide to do their experiments on any other animals than those not highly organised—generally the frog. *But the very large majority of learned men feel no scruples in opening the bodies and submitting the animals to the most cruel sufferings, with the object of throwing light on some scientific problem, etc. etc.*"

It is perfectly true, as Dr. Albert Leffingwell pointed out in his book, "The Vivisection Controversy," that the word cruelty has one meaning for the general public, but an entirely different significance for the vivisector. "It is very easy to assert," he says, "that no cruel experiments occur, simply because *as cruelty is defined by the professional vivisector, it is practically impossible for him to perform a cruel experiment.*"

Sir F. Stockman, head of the laboratories of the Board of Agriculture, London, in his evidence before the Royal Commission (1906-13), laid it down that "an operation is not necessarily cruel," "that an operation for the advancement of science is not cruel," and he amplified it in this way: "It is not cruel; it is not done with a cruel purpose. I would rather say it is done for science . . . it depends how you define cruelty." (Q. 2026-12-12).

So here we have it from the mouths of these gentlemen that the suffering, if inflicted, is not cruel, that there should be no limitations to their experiments, and that an experimenter is entitled to push his experiment to the uttermost limits of pain and suffering if the end *in his view* justifies it. He who inflicts the pain is *the sole judge*, the creature which has to suffer does not count, nor are its feelings to be considered in any way. And yet Jeremy Bentham, the father of English jurisprudence, laid it down that the ethical position with regard to animal suffering and capacity for pain was this, that they are entitled to protection because the question is "not can they reason, nor can they talk, but



*can they suffer?* ” The great, inalienable claim for the protection of animals from cruelty is made on the ground of *the sentiency which they possess in common with the higher race of mankind*. It must have been the evidence of Dr. Carpenter—claiming this unlimited power over the suffering bodies of defenceless animals, which led that high-minded and revered publicist, Richard Holt Hutton, the Editor of “The Spectator,” to add a rider to the Report of the Royal Commission of 1875-6 as follows:—

“Indeed, I may be allowed to say that the measure proposed will not at all satisfy my own conception of the needs of the case, unless it results in putting an end to all experiments involving, not merely torture, but anything at all approaching it; for, *where the pursuit of scientific truth and common compassion come into collision* it seems to me that the ends of civilization, no less than of morality, require us to be guided by the latter and higher principle.”

It was the difficulty of subscribing to this tremendous claim of the vivisector, — that they and they only are the final arbiters, which led the late Professor Freeman, of Oxford, to write to “The Times” as follows:—

“The practical conclusion that I come to is that if the distinction can be drawn in practice between what I hold to be lawful and unlawful vivisection, I would allow one and forbid the other. But I see the very great difficulty in drawing the line between the two; and, if it cannot be drawn in practice, especially as it seems so very doubtful whether vivisection has lessened human suffering or not, I can only go in for a complete forbidding of the practice.”

Any fairminded and unprejudiced investigator, while possibly thinking that there has been some fanaticism in the opposition to experiments upon living animals, must at the same time realise the tremendous nature of the claim made by experimenting physiologists; they must see that all the talk about the painlessness of the practice is merely nonsense, in view of these claims as quoted by me in this paper; and further, that instead of there being practically no pain at all,



there is an immensity of suffering which has taken place, and inevitably must take place, when experiments are carried out by men holding such views as those which I have quoted. The whole field of experiments is not only saturated with suffering, but it is dogged with failure of results and vain and ceaseless repetition of experiments over and over again.

There is no question that vivisection is, in many cases, inseparable from suffering, and that suffering is inevitable to the pursuit of the practice ; further, that the suffering which is caused is altogether a minor matter to some of the men who cause it. This the public has yet to realise. It has to understand that in assenting to, and encouraging, experiments on living animals, it is giving its consent to possibilities of illimitable suffering. In many experiments it is impossible to use anæsthetics, such as those on the liver, the nerves, and in cases of the testing of poisons. Sir G. M. Humphrey, Professor of Surgery at Cambridge University, said he did not think that it was possible that anæsthetic practice was as applicable to pathology as it is to physiology, because the process may have to be observed during some days or weeks, and that the pain of pathological experiments could not be alleviated to the same extent. While Professor J. Burdon Sanderson, Professor of Physiology at Oxford University, said that with regard to experiments on inflammation—“ You cannot produce inflammation in an animal and maintain a state of anæsthesia during the whole of the process ; it is quite impossible.” Further evidence as to the attitude of mind of the vivisector towards the question of pain is to be observed in the evidence of Dr. Francis Sibson, who gave it as his belief that but little suffering was caused by raising the temperature of animals till they die, because “ by the time the animal acquires anything like a temperature of 110, 111, or 112, the animal becomes unconscious.” He said he did not believe that the intermediate period was one of great suffering ; he did not think that freezing animals to death and starving them to death would cause pain ! The type of mind which argues in this way is incapable of appreciating the moral points involved.

Cruelty, as defined by six vivisectors of Harvard University "is the intentional infliction of unnecessary pain;" it was claimed that the vivisector himself should be the supreme and only judge, in a statement signed by the leading vivisectors of the United States. Dr. Leffingwell quotes them as follows.— "As to whether or not, under given circumstances of research or teaching, experiments involving pain should be performed, is a matter which should rest with the responsible expert by whom or under whose direction the thing would be done. We believe that those engaged in scientific investigation are the best judges of the necessity for experiments made by them. . . ." (Pp. 123—4 of "The Vivisection Controversy.") Now let it be understood that not only do these gentlemen claim to define cruelty in a sense different to the definition accepted by the main body of the public, but they go so far as to assert that they must be under no sort of restriction whatever, for the Joint Commission of the Scientific Societies of Washington affirmed that those engaged in vivisection "*are the best judges of the experiments required, and of the necessity for using anæsthetics.*" . . . . "Unnecessary and offensive in the highest degree would it be. . . . to attempt to dictate or control how, and by whom, and for what purpose and under what conditions . . . . experiments shall be made."

Surely a far-reaching demand and as impossible as far-reaching? The Royal Commission of 1876 recommended Parliament that "the right of the lower animals to protection should not be forgotten amid the claims of advancing science." And Parliament made an ineffectual effort to ensure that. But the vivisector, as I have shown by his statement of claim (Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Dr. Pembrey and the Scientific Societies of Washington) is not influenced by the moral restraint and the sense of humanity desired by Parliament and the public. At the back of the mind of the experimenter is the determination to do as he pleases, to be indifferent to the sentimental aspect, to refuse to recognise public opinion, and to be contemptuous of the moral obligation not to cause suffering. He



sees only his idea—his scientific aim, and he pursues it relentlessly, regardless of the consequences to the victim. That is your true vivisector and he is the culprit who has to be primarily kept in mind in considering this question. The kindly and reputable slave-owners could not save slavery from prohibition, because there were lower depths in slave-dealing and slave-holding. The benevolent despotism of the humane slave-owner could not be permitted to shield the scoundrels who made the owning of slaves a most cruel and merciless despotism. While such a system existed abuse was possible and became inevitable. For no human being has ever yet been discovered fit to be trusted with unlimited power and unrestricted opportunity. Who can possibly guarantee the humanity of any or every vivisector?

The deep feeling of misgiving which is in the mind of every impartial and unprejudiced person finds expression in the Minority Reports of the recent Royal Commission, and few will disagree with, but, on the contrary, warmly welcome the following declarations :

Dr. George Wilson, Medical Officer of Health for the County of Warwick, and author of the widely circulated *Handbook of Hygiene*, says in his Reservation Memorandum attached to the Report :—

“That experiments on animals, no matter with what prospective gain to humanity, are repellent to the ethical sense, and that those who persistently advocate them as beneficial to human or animal life, must justify their claims by results. That is the view which I hold. I am not an anti-vivisectionist, but I dislike vivisection or inoculation experiments under Certificate B., when the animal is allowed to recover. Moreover, I am always face to face with this distressing conviction—that even admitting that experiments on animals have contributed to the relief of human suffering, such measure of relief is *infinitesimal compared with the pain which has been inflicted on animals to secure it.*” (p. 139).

This is from the Reservation Memorandum signed by Col.



Sir Mark Lockwood, M.P., Sir William J. Collins, M.D., and Dr. George Wilson :—

“We think that if, in the course of scientific investigation, the pursuit of knowledge leads to the infliction of real or obvious suffering, it is right that the pursuit should cease rather than that the infliction of suffering should continue.”

In a debate at Bristol (March 7th, 1911, and reported in “The Times” of March 8th, 1911) with the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Mr. Stephen Paget, Hon. Sec. of the Research Defence Society, said, in reply to a question,

“That if there was reasonable hope of saving life or alleviating the agonies of men, women and children, it was **moral and Christian to torture animals.**”

In a letter to “The Times” (March 11th) he endeavoured to explain away this frank avowal by saying he only used the word “torture” in the sense to which Mr. Coleridge expressly confined it—namely, severe pain inflicted on an animal not for its own benefit. Here we get a curious revelation of that inner mind of the vivisector and his apologists. No theologian, no casuist, has ever carried the doctrine of mental reservation so far as controversialists of this type. First they say there is no appreciable suffering. Then, driven into a corner, where “aye” or “nay” has to be uttered, they say—Mr. Paget is their mouthpiece—that it is moral and Christian to torture animals for someone’s benefit!

And it is not for a certain physical benefit—it is only “a reasonable hope,” something speculative, a gamble, with suffering and torture as the counters.

And yet we pray—“*Thy* Kingdom come!”

Mr. Paget, a short time previously, at a Church Congress, had denounced Christian Science in the name of “Our Lord”! I contrast the declaration dragged from him and quoted above with the following statement of an agnostic—Col. Robert Ingersoll :—

“Vivisection is the inquisition—the hell—of science. All cruelty which the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is

capable of inflicting is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss. . . . Those who are incapable of pitying animals are, as a matter of fact, incapable of pitying man.

“It is not necessary for a man to be a specialist in order to have and express his opinion as to the right or wrong of vivisection. It is not necessary to be a scientist or a naturalist to detest cruelty and to love mercy. Above all the discoveries of the thinkers, above all the inventions of the ingenious, above all the victories won on fields of intellectual conflict, rise human sympathy and a sense of justice. . . .”

Asked, at the debate, if his society defended the torture of animals, Mr. Paget replied—“It is very difficult to answer.” He went on to say he could not say “Yes” or “No.” He could not speak the mind of 4,000 people.

No, probably not, for I venture to think that few *lay* members of the Research (!) Defence Society realise how far the vivisectors, in the practical secrecy of their laboratories, are prepared to go and have every opportunity of going. The inalienable claim of the lower animals is to be protected from suffering, to be safeguarded from falling into the clutches of persons such as Messrs. Paget, Pembrey, Klein & Co., and on behalf of the animals I appeal to the unprejudiced British public to save from torture those defenceless ones whom they are strong to save.

SIDNEY TRIST.

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